

once over Lightly

AN INDIANA
UNIVERSITY
STORY

by

DAISY WOODWARD BECK



Presented to Edie Butler
January 18, 1966 by Janet
Hubler.


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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The material for the contents of this little book is in large part culled from the wealth of data concerning Indiana University that my husband, Frank O. Beck, has gathered during a long life time of deep interest in the University. This he most generously turned over to me.

Copies of the *Arbutus*, Judge Banta's and Doctor Woodburn's histories of the University, and Mr. Hall's "New Purchase" were also most useful.

Most efficient leg-men — in a manner of speaking — were Mrs. Redick Wylie, President Wells, and my husband.

Some of the trivia came to me by word of mouth from old friends and members of my own family who have loved and watched the University since my Great-Grandfather, Colonel John Ketcham, served on its first Board of Trustees.

I have tried to be strictly factual, but, for any inaccuracies that may have crept in, I crave pardon.

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A Great State University First Breathes

THE PUNY infant, born in the year 1820 and known as Indiana Territory, was the offspring of Mistress Thirst-for-Knowledge and Mister Business-Acumen. And let there be no scorn of either parent.

The Great White Father in Washington had acquired a vast tract of land, the Northwest Territory. Needing money — when didn't a government? — some way had to be devised to lure people from the South and East to fell its trees and grub out its stumps, and, in addition, to pay cash for the privilege.

This was a large order, for those men who would undertake the task out of love of adventure were too few in number to make a showing. While life in the East and South at that time may not have been a bed of roses, it *did* offer cleared land, safety from marauding Indians and a few roads and schools. Going West meant chopping down trees, digging out stumps, clearing brush, controlling wild animal life, chasing and killing Indians.

Moreover, the women folks hung back, thinking very poorly of this Westward Ho. What were they to live in while the cabins were being erected? How could they bring up in the wilderness the twelve or fifteen children with whom God saw fit to bless the women of that day? How could wool be obtained to weave into blankets and knit into stockings? What were they to eat, roots and berries? Even if they survived tomahawks and starvation and exposure, their children could only grow up to be unlettered, ignorant trappers and backwoodsmen.

Many and long must have been those nightly discussions between husbands and wives after the children were asleep.

"Yes, but the gov'm't is setting aside certain tracts in each of the new counties, not only for public schools, but for seminaries, *seminaries* mind you, where our children can learn Greek and Latin."

Which staggering fact must have concluded many an argu-

ment, not only for the night, but must also have been a clincher for the proposed migration.

Indiana Territory was organized by an act of Congress in 1800, and "section number sixteen in every township" was granted to the inhabitants of each county for the use of schools. In addition, one entire township in the Territory was to be reserved for the support of a Seminary of Learning.

April 19, 1816, Congress passed an act enabling the people of Indiana Territory to frame a constitution and state government. This was done in Corydon on the tenth of June. The work took twenty days.

The Seminary Township, "number eight north, range number one west" in Monroe County, later becoming Perry Township, was designated by President Madison when the new State's constitution was eleven days old. At this time its population was approximately seventy thousand. A fourth part of the state was unsurveyed, to which the Indians claimed title. The following four years, the young state showed a great growth in population, the census of 1820 giving the population as 147,178.

The Father of Indiana University's School of Music was Monroe County's first white settler, establishing his home in the district three years before there was a Monroe County. His instrument was the violin, a word he had probably never heard. His name is unknown, but he is known in the county's annals as the Jovial Fiddler, a good enough name for any man. He was also an expert hunter and trapper.

The Jovial Fiddler was followed the next year, 1816, by the first cabins built on the present site of Bloomington, and in April of the same year the town was staked out to the north, adjoining the Seminary township. At the close of its first year it housed one hundred and forty persons. The next year, its population doubled. In 1820, its public square was cleared of native trees, and Colonel John Ketcham had designed and was constructing a brick court house, so well planned and executed that it did service until 1907, when the present building was erected.

Dr. Maxwell Pushes

THE YOUNG town's citizens now felt it was time the State made good on that promise of a secondary school. Many of them had been drawn to the new town by this prospect, so as early as 1819, a member of the new community, Dr. David Hervey Maxwell, was chosen to press the Legislature in Corydon — then the state capital — for the planning and establishing of the promised seminary.

To this Dr. Maxwell is due much credit both for the wise planning of the Seminary — later becoming the State University — and also of the town of Bloomington. No wiser lobbyist — perhaps the State's first — than he could have been found; determined, tactful, politically minded, an ardent advocate of higher education. For thirty years of his life, as the young institution passed through the phases of seminary, college, on to that of university, this man gave his time and effort as did none other outside the circle of faculty members. The present Maxwell Hall, now used by the Dean of Students and the Junior Division, commemorates his name.

The task of getting off the scratch — to descend to the vernacular — was not easy, for the young state was very poor, its few citizens hard pressed to maintain even the most elemental standards of living; therefore, to many, a State Seminary did not at this juncture appear to be a necessity.

The crying need, said most, was for common schools, for teachers, for more log schoolhouses in which to teach the large families of young children that crowded the settlers' cabins. But the friends of higher education stubbornly set forth the advantages of well trained young men for the professions and for the school room to such avail that in January, 1820, Jonathan Jennings, the State's first governor, signed the bill chartering a state seminary for the State of Indiana. Its trustees, Charles Dewey, Johnathan Lindley, John Ketcham, David H. Maxwell, William Lowe, and Johnathan Nichols, were empowered to select a suitable site for school purposes and one for a home for a professor.

Five of these men met — history does not record the absentee — in July of that same year, choosing a site about a quarter of a mile south of Bloomington. The proximity to the new town, the slight elevation of ground, and an excellent spring of water were the deciding factors.

One's imagination may be permitted to picture the five gentlemen, probably on horseback — what other mode of transportation did Monroe County's hills permit? — hot and perspiring, broad-cloth clothing and high stocks sticky and scratchy, gnats and mosquitoes stinging, underbrush and low hanging trees impeding progress. Did they search very long and far? Had they just reached Bloomington's southern limits when some sweaty, itchy trustee said: "Gentlemen, I'm perishing with heat and thirst. What sense is there in going farther? Do I or don't I see a spring in that clump of trees? Let's 'light and get a drink. '*This is the place,*' " borrowing a phrase from a much later explorer.

Their thirst slaked, their legs stretched, their tempers lightened, the more zealous searcher of the party may have said: "I think Mr. Luke Warm may be right. This spot is beautiful for situation, and the young men who drink at the Fountain of Learning *will* need to wet their whistles now and then. And let us hope they will find this excellent spring water sufficiently potent."

Over twenty months passed before actual building was started. Again, let imagination play.

"A good log house will do just as well as a brick one for those boys to study their Greek and Latin in," said a gentleman who was much of the same timber as he who had such implicit faith in Mr. Hopkins and his log. "A log house is good enough for me and my family to live in and for my little children to go to school in. If we fix things too fine, these young bucks will feel themselves above the work of clearing and hewing and planting. They'll have to have farms to till and cabins to live in, won't they, even if they do talk Greek!"

But at long last, the exponents of Brick won in this round, and in time, the first seminary building and a professor's house, begun in 1822, called the Big College and the Little College, were completed. The school building was sixty feet long and thirty-one feet wide, and was two stories in height, fronting east. Its two stories held six rooms — a chapel and two recitation rooms below, with the same number above. Its cost was \$2,400, and it was so well built that it served for half a century, its later years being used as a preparatory school. It was eventually razed to make room for a larger building. The professor's home, the Little College, also of brick, cost \$891 to erect.

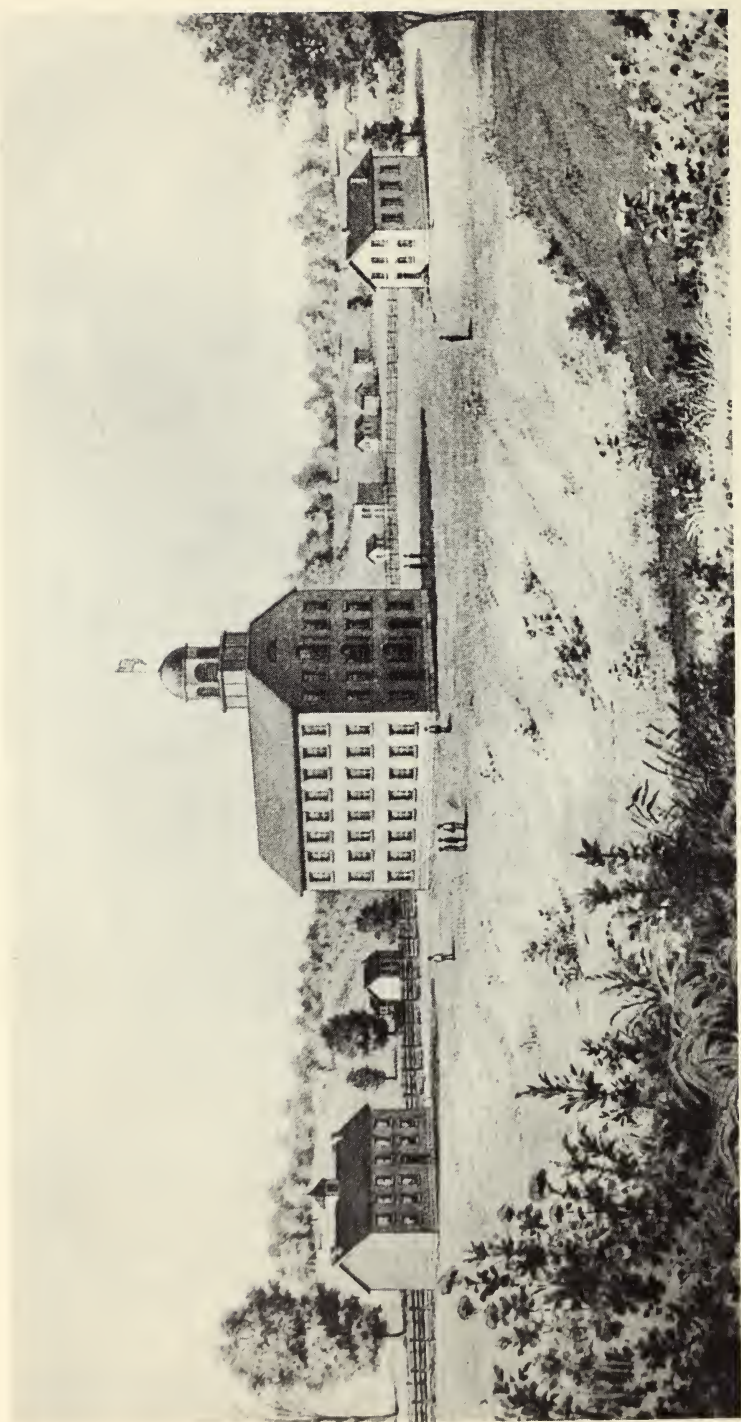
Indiana's First Faculty

AFTER considerable bickering and much screening, a suitable and worthy teacher was found right at hand, a Pennsylvanian, the Reverend Mr. Baynard Rush Hall, living with relatives in Gosport, a settlement about twenty-five miles to the north of Bloomington. He was a scholar and a theologian, trained in Princeton University and in Union College. Rounding out intellectual and ecclesiastical attainments were skill with rifle, in log-rolling, country store-keeping, wood chopping, leather tanning, and knowledge of the etiquette of quilting bees and camp meetings. Admirably well rounded was Professor Hall.

Measured by the standards of any time and place, he was a fine fellow. His itchy feet had so kept him moving that he knew many out-of-the-way, hard-to-get-to places. In his young manhood, he had visited Kentucky, where he met a young girl whose face and grace so plagued him that he returned seven years later to marry her, taking her back to his native Philadelphia to live, where the well born and gently reared Kentucky woman found life to her liking. Then those feet of Mr. Hall's began to itch again and he set out for "grassy and flowery plains that meet the horizon . . . for gorgeous clouds like drapery around golden sunsets," as he poetically phrased it.

On his return, he found Mrs. Hall desolated over the death of their two children, and but little persuasion was needed to induce her to accompany him West for a change of scene and a fresh start in life with some of her relatives there.

Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, down the river by steamboat to Louisville, from Louisville to Bloomington and on to Gosport. The last lap from Louisville, was made in a Yankee cart drawn by two horses, in which was their *plunder*, as early settlers termed the treasures brought from the East with untold labor and effort—choice bits of crockery, a silver piece or two, bedding, favorite



INDIANA COLLEGE
1836

cooking pots and pans, a pressing iron, a clock, pitiful attempts to transport some of the hominess from the old home to the new.

On the journey and with the Gosport relatives, the Halls accepted the roughnesses and crudities of life with a courage that was backed up by a hearty sense of humor. Cabins which gave them hospitality had for partitions strips of carpet or bedquilts suspended from rafters. Door hinges were often made of tough bacon rinds which must be renewed often because the hungry dogs liked bacon. Coarse, greasy food was all the settlers had to offer. Speech was so illiterate that it was often incomprehensible to educated persons. Lack of laundry facilities made clean clothing and good house-keeping impossible. All married women wore some kind of hood or snood, for the most part of knotted twine that served to hide dirty hair and to make a comb unnecessary. Our easterners were immediately dubbed Big Bugs, and Mrs. Hall was told almost gleefully — human nature being what it is — that she would not be able to git a gal, that she would have to fill her own ash hopper, a reference to soap making.

The Hall's first months in Indiana had been spent with their relatives, the John M. Youngs, near Gosport, where Mr. Hall engaged in the tanning of leather and in store keeping. The call to Bloomington to teach in the newly chartered seminary was doubtless warmly welcomed, for our hero loved learning; its acquisition, its dissemination.

For three years, Professor Hall was the Seminary's only teacher, and being a confirmed classicist, he could teach only Greek and Latin. Latin was then of prime importance. Literary efforts abounded in quotations. Law books employed Latin freely; editors interlaced their sentences with words and phrases from the Latin. Mr. Hall, who so loved his classics, early organized a literary society, the Henodelphisterian. Speaking of fathers, may he not be called the Abraham of that very prolific family on Indiana Campus, the Greek letter multitude?

In Mr. Hall's society, each Henodelphisterian was given a Greek name, by which he was addressed at meetings.

"Good evening, Mr. Aristotle. I trust you are in health."

"You trust aright, Mr. Demosthenes."

A major event in the seminary community was the acquiring by the Halls of a piano from Louisville, hauled in an ox-drawn cart over the almost impassable roads.

Not too many in the little settlement had ever seen a piano, and curiosity ran high. Why was it called a *pie-anny forty*? Was it that it played forty tunes? People came to see it from far and near, by day and by night. Always the sound of the pie-anny was considered an invitation to step in and hear it go. Usually the lid had to be raised so that the hearers could see the little "jumpers dancin' the wires." A kinswoman of the writer of this saga said upon hearing it "go" that "it was as fur afore a fiddle as a fiddle is afore a jusarp."

Mr. Hall makes mention in his writings of Mrs. Hall playing "a piece by Beethoven."

This piano, the University's and Bloomington's first, has, most fortunately, been preserved and will no doubt be given a place of honor in the University's museum when that is established.

* * *

At the end of the Seminary's third year a clamor for mathematics and sciences arose with the result that John Hopkins Harney, a Kentuckian, a preacher, and a mathematical genius trained in Miami University, heard of the opening and walked over from Miami, a distance of some hundred miles at least. He got the job.

Each of the two teachers received two hundred and fifty dollars per year. The school year was of two five-month terms and the tuition per pupil was five dollars a term.

Legend has it that the new teacher was as ardent and thoroughgoing in mathematics as was the older man in the classics and that both pupils and teachers applied themselves with excessive zeal. To such extent was this true, that in 1827 the Board of Trustees granted each teacher a salary of four hundred dollars, and in the next General Assembly at Corydon the reports continued so favorable that the governor, the president of the Board of Trustees and the Board of Visitors recommended that Indiana Seminary be raised to the dignity of a college. So, seven years after the Seminary had been chartered, the General Assembly created the State College of Indiana.

Bloomington was very isolated from the towns in the state having railway facilities. Clay roads in spring and autumn were impassable. Tri-weekly mail between Louisville and Indianapolis must be stopped now and then because of the bottomless mud of these roads. Articles of clothing and food, such as tea, sugar, coffee, beans, had to be hauled from Louisville in wagons, the trip requiring from seven to ten days.

Manners and dress had not taken on many refinements. A description of the dress of William Lowe — somewhat of a personage surely since he was clerk of the court, a librarian, and a deputy postmaster — pictures him in the court without coat, vest, cravat or stockings, shoes down at the heel, greasy, ragged "brichis" held up by one "gallus."

An easterner writes that Dr. Maxwell habitually blew his nose between his thumb and forefinger, then wiped thumb and forefinger on the large bandana tied around his shoulder. Judge and governor followed a like method, says the chronicler. Upper-crust gentlemen shaved once a week; those down below, every second week. Mrs. Hall, with all her ladylike ways and her Beethoven, made her own carpet, a rag one.

Getting a college education would seem to have been pretty grim in these early days. We wonder what the young men — no co-eds, remember — did for recreation. They probably went to church, went game hunting, played Andy-over the woodshed or whatever, listened to Mrs. Hall play on her piano. And then there was the Henodelphisterian Society. Later on, during Dr. Ryors' presidency, some young gentlemen in search of knowledge reached such a degree of playfulness that a rooster was secreted in Dr. Ryors' desk. At early morning prayers — and this meant daybreak, not daylight, mind you — when Dr. Ryors opened the desk to take out the Bible, the rooster hopped out.

Attendance upon these early prayers was compulsory and on cold or rainy mornings, all but the most devout must have wished that God could have been approached at a more comfortable hour. Many of these young gentlemen, so it was said, returned to their rooms and their beds after prayers.

But remember that candles then provided the only artificial light, and, unless in a romantic mood, what room can be drearier than one so lighted? Perhaps these early collegians were pretty smart to use these dusky hours for a purpose that required only spiritual light.

Whatever their reasons, there were precedents in the eastern schools. Henry Holt tells of President Woolsey holding before-daybreak-services at Yale in 1865 on the morning after his daughter's death.

It is not easy for moderns to conceive of acquiring an education without cokes and hot dogs and a radio or television set to furnish background while one computes and translates and follows the journeys of rats in mazes. It is fair to assume that mass education, as now practiced in our University, would be impossible without these delightful concomitants.

In the early days of the Seminary, advertisements of its virtues were published in southern papers, with the result that several young southerners enrolled in the school. These, and any from other states, were called "foreigners," while the Indianians were called "natives." The former were usually better dressed and of more gentle manners than the Hoosier boys.

One young southerner, it is said, returned to the South at Christmas time, saying he could not stand the no'th. All there were opposed to slavery and didn't know how to make co'nbread.

Good, rich food and sleeping accommodations, including fuel, was to be had in the early days for a dollar a week. This was possible because beef and pork were two or three cents a pound, chickens four for twenty-five cents, eggs two or three cents a dozen, butter ten cents a pound. A turkey cost twenty-five cents. Wood for fuel was everywhere.

Wages were proportionately low, thirty-eight or fifty cents a day. Joseph A. Wright, a member of the Seminary's first class, and

an estimable young man in all respects, was paid \$16.25 for ringing the bell and making the fires during a five months' session. This same Joseph later became Indiana's governor, and, still later, United States Minister to Berlin.

The Joseph A. Wright quadrangle on our Campus perpetuates his memory.

At Long Last, a President

COMES NOW, out of the east, a president for the young college. How much discussion over whether or not, over whether to go-farther-and-fare-worse is not recorded, but it is safe to assume that the trustees of the college, the citizenry, and the General Assembly found plenty to say before Andrew Wylie, D.D. was offered the charge. Dr. Wylie had just found it desirable to resign from the presidency of Washington College in Pennsylvania, this desirability growing out of an abortive attempt to unite two reluctant Pennsylvania colleges, his own and Jefferson.

At scarcely twenty-three years of age, young Andrew had been selected president of his Alma Mater, Jefferson College, from which he had been graduated with first honors just one year before. In 1816, two years after having been licensed to preach, he had "supplied" a congregation at Miller's Run in his native state at a salary of two hundred dollars per year.

Dr. Wylie, one generation from Ireland, was a man of strong ideas and vigorous determination, befitting his Celtic heritage. He had worked on his father's farm in Pennsylvania, studying and going to school as opportunity permitted, following the old rule of "fields in summer, books in winter." His fine education had not been acquired without surmounting many obstacles, and when he reached Indiana College, he not only had a fine education but an indomitable will coupled with a tenacity that never let go.

He was probably quite glad to shake from his feet the dust of the hide-bound East and to find new soil in which to nurture his ideas. Our Mr. Hall, in his memoirs, mentions that there was talk of offering *him* the position of presidency, but evidently the talk was neither long nor loud.

Hall and James Maxwell, the nephew of Dr. David H., met the new president at the Ohio River landing, and the party proceeded northward, the two conductors on horseback, the new president's family in a carriage, the household gear in wagons; a trip so

rough and difficult that the eastern educator more than once voiced aloud the query as to why he had ever left the glowing opportunities of his own native state. Indiscreetly, Mr. Hall beguiled the journey's tedium with an account of the town and people, their crude folk ways, their bickerings, their squabbles — and alas, there were many of these. Later, Mr. Hall was to rue his garrulity, for this interesting chit-chat was repeated in the quarters where it would do the most harm.

The most hearty reception awaited the new president at the College as well as along their way, for Messrs Maxwell and Hall delighted to show off their catch, the distinguished scholar.

* * *

The first three years of Dr. Wylie's administration were not marked by too many, or too severe dissensions, though enough. Always he seemed to be a focal point for storms. His first innovation was the plan of concentrating on the study of one subject to the exclusion of all others. This plan he had to abandon.

Next, came a rift with Harney and Hall, and after much rancor and acrimony among the three reverend gentlemen, these two men were dismissed. The actions leading up to their dismissal must have provided the little town and college with choice fireside and cracker-barrel conversation. The tension between the President and Harney even became physically violent, the President pushing Harney off a log that spanned Spanker's Branch (now Jordan River) at College Avenue. This sudden shove into the water was Dr. Wylie's way of teaching Mr. Hall manners: i.e., to let his betters precede him when a log was to be crossed. Alas, the biblical injunction "in honor preferring one another" was then, as it is now, exceedingly difficult to follow. At a faculty meeting, Harney, as was his inelegant custom, beguiled the time and let off steam by rubbing his old springless, pointless, edgeless knife on the leg of his cow-hide boot. Seeing this, the President professed great fear for his life and insisted that a guard of students protect his person. Tut! Tut!

After his dismissal, Hall returned to the East, where his life was spent in teaching and preaching. Of the many colorful and useful characters who lie behind Indiana University, perhaps none are more so than the Reverend Mr. Baynard Rush Hall. His book, *The New Purchase*, is a careful, witty account of his nine or ten years in the young state and still remains the best key we have to the life and folkways of the period. He taught and preached to the end of his life in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. (1793-1863)

Harney went to Hanover College, and later to Louisville, Kentucky, where he taught and engaged in newspaper work. Two honest, honorable men who gave generously of themselves in the hard, difficult years of Indiana University's kindergarten stage. We salute you!

About this time, the General Assembly of the state chartered the institution as University, but to offset this good fortune, the President was charged with mal-administration of its affairs. The board of trustees conducted a week's examination after the method of a criminal prosecution. At its close, President Wylie was unanimously acquitted. (Three other times in his twenty-two years' incumbency, charges were preferred against him, and in these also he was vindicated.)

A trustee, now and then, became factious and caused all the trouble he could. Professors did not seem to want to remain for long periods.

These misfortunes so enfeebled the young institution that in 1839 the faculty numbered but three, the President and two professors. The number of students was sixty-four. We are told of a Commencement Day of this era, when the orchestra was composed of two flutes — "one of them croaked," Dr. Wylie whispered to a seat companion.

However, this was followed by a more prosperous period; the faculty became a harmonious body, the number of students increased, and a department of law soon was added to the institution (1842).

In November of 1850, Dr. Wylie walked a mile from his home to the forest to take his accustomed exercise with his axe. He accidentally cut his foot, and the wound bled unchecked until a passerby in a carriage found him and took him home. His loss of blood and exposure resulted in pneumonia which ended his life November 11, 1851, he then being in his sixty-first year.

The Good Book says "He knew what was in man," and it is safe to assume that no one else does. This same book, however, says "a tree may be known by its fruits." A man as complex as Dr. Wylie may be but superficially evaluated a century after his death, but the scanty records would lead to the conclusion that he had a scholarly and creative mind, that in his capacity of president he was the executive and not the teacher, even though teachers were most difficult to obtain; that he was devoted to his friends and implacable toward his foes, and that he had a devisive quality which created both; that he was a great egoist and a superb actor, that he loved both intensive action and easy living.

It is said that his temper at times got out of hand; that he was inclined to be jealous of his equals and, of one and all, distrustful and suspicious. He is credited with the statement: "I have blotted the word friendship from my vocabulary." Had he mental aberrations, lapses? Some there were who suspected this to be true.

His was a graceful, dignified bearing, whatever his garb or the occasion. Dr. Theophilus Parvin describes his summer costume: "a brown linen coat, flapping in the breeze, a wide brimmed leg-horn hat above wind-tossed, graying hair; ten chances to one a stalk of blue grass of timothy projecting from his mouth. "The ex-

traordinary twinkle in his eye," says our chronicler, "and a flexibility of the muscles at the angles of his mouth show that he enjoys both quiet and noisy fun. Tears have furrowed those manly cheeks, and the tears will come again, tender and gushing as a woman's, if his sympathies are moved." He was deeply religious, a preacher all his life. One of Dr. Wylie's stunts was to repeat the shorter catechism backwards. Why, at fifty-one years of age, he forsook Mr. Calvin and the Presbyterians to embrace the Episcopal faith, he never explained. This action naturally occasioned considerable conjecture, but his good faith and integrity were never questioned. Perhaps he wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and the rampant camp-meetings of Monroe County.

That he knew George Washington is a noteworthy fact. He was often the companion of the Ritchie children, whose father, Craig Ritchie, a Scotsman, managed great tracts of Washington's land in the section where Mr. Wylie lived. The Father of Our Country, as you all know, was very rich in houses and lands. He often came to look over his Pennsylvania acres, and so it was that the young Wylie, with the Ritchie children, often talked and ate at the table with him.

Margaret Ritchie, a daughter of this home, later became his wife. One of his prized possessions was a request received from Daniel Webster for a copy of an "Eulogy on Lafayette" which President Wylie delivered in Bloomington, and of which Webster wrote in highest terms, describing Wylie as a clear and terse writer.

He became the father of twelve children, his six sons alumni of the University. One son, his eldest, his namesake, lives in our country's annals, for he was judge of the Surrogate Court in our nation's capitol when Mrs. Surratt was tried for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. He it was who gave a writ of *habeas corpus* to Mrs. Surratt's lawyers. The writ was served at half past two in the morning, but President Johnson refused to honor it, and twenty-four hours later, at two in the afternoon, Mrs. Surratt was hanged.

It is too late in the day to learn much about Mrs. Wylie, our first president's wife and it is a pity too, for the little we do know about her spells a strong, interesting personality. She bore and reared twelve children, and even with this difficult task and in Indiana's crude conditions, her dignity, that approached austerity, never flagged. Dress and deportment was most important to her as befit the wife of an educator. Tradition has it that window washers of her home were required to use a clean, fresh pail of water to each window, and the well, mind you, was almost a block away, operated by a "sweep", if you know what that is. That, with the heating facilities of the day, makes window-washing too onerous a job for this flabby generation to contemplate comfortably.

That able historian and willing raconteur, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn



HOME OF FIRST PRESIDENT
Dr. Andrew Wylie

Legge, used to like to tell of being messenger girl from her older sisters to the Wylie ladies and being received by our first President with "How are you, little lassie?" "But", she said, "none of that soft stuff when Mrs. Wylie met me at the door."

The Ritchie family in Pennsylvania and West Virginia had standing and breeding and that the young Margaret had the temerity and hardihood to come to the new territory to establish a home bespeaks forceful character. An old photograph shows a strong, determined, yet withal, a kindly face.

It is pleasant to live over in retrospect some of these early days, while strolling past the first presidents' house on Second Street. Do we hear the faint gobble! gobble! from behind the house, where the good president fattened his turkeys for holiday eating? A story goes that the students named these birds for the president's children, talking to them and calling them by name as they passed the lot. Later, these students, as guests at the president's table, were asked if they would have a drumstick from Miss Lizzie? Or would they prefer white meat from Redick? Just how much the guests enjoyed this sly humor, tradition does not record.

Nor does it record how the dignified president dealt with the falling to the floor of playing cards — those instruments of the devil — when he opened his Bible one morning to conduct Prayers. These examples of humor were not too subtle, perhaps, but it shows the students tried.

In this flippant mood, and apropos of dinner parties and poultry, thought leaps forward a hundred years to two faculty neighbors in Bloomington, Mrs. A and Mrs. B.

The two were entertaining, but separately, on the same summer evening; cold, baked chicken being the *pièce de résistance*.

Said Mrs. A to Mrs. B: "Since your dinner is not until eight o'clock, would you mind letting me rest your chicken on my large platter beside mine? Of course I would not use it, but it would look so lavish and bountiful."

Mrs. B. promptly acceded to this window dressing, all faculty members in these late nineteen hundreds approving of and being skilled in putting best feet forward.

Promptly at six o'clock, a gay, well-bred company seated itself at the A's table.

Mr. A, preparatory to carving, picked up his utensils.

"Mama", he said sweetly, "which one of these chickens is ours?"

Posterity will never know whether the question arose from mischievousness or absentmindedness.

Yet another, this arising also from that all but vanished commodity, Frugality.

Dr. Amzi Atwater, minister of the Gospel and professor of Latin in the University, telephoned his obliging and understanding grocer for five cents worth of meat for his cat, to be delivered.

Shortly after, he called again, cancelling the order. His cat, he

said, had caught a mouse. The tall, affable gentleman was the subject of many stories. One concerns the early use of the long distance telephone. A call to New York was necessary — necessary, we may be certain of, or our careful friend would not have employed such a costly means of communication. Since the thing was to cost so much, some three or four dollars, possibly, he determined to get his money's worth, so he extended his conversation several minutes. What consternation — and grief — to learn the first four minutes only was three dollars! His prolonged conversation ran into more than seventeen dollars.

But enough of economics.

Dr. Wylie's family continued to live in the house for some years after his untimely death in 1851 when it was occupied by his cousin, Professor Theophilus A. Wylie, professor of physics. Professor Wylie's daughter, Louise Wylie Boisen (Mrs. Howard Boisen) lived there until about 1911, when she went to Boston to live with her daughter, Mrs. Morton Bradley. Dr. and Mrs. Amos S. Hershey then became its owners.

The place was purchased from Dr. Hershey's widow by the University, and it is hoped, in a not too distant future, that it may be suitably restored and furnished as a museum. It might even be moved to the present campus.

Not too relevant maybe, but maybe of interest to some reader: Dr. Hershey, an expert in International Law was a member of President Woodrow Wilson's party of advisors in France when the *Treaty of Versailles* was implemented. This writer heard him say that the work there was done by the President without benefit of advisors.

Mrs. Hershey, after his death, operated an antique shop in the historic house, stocking it with *objets d'arts* collected from all parts of the world, thus making Bloomington and many farther points, art and oriental-rug conscious.

When Religion Really Mattered

IF OUR Bloomington and University founding fathers could have looked ahead to this modern day, to the easy, comfortable way we take our religion, they would likely have thought us headed straight for perdition. Maybe we are, at that.

We, looking backward to their conflicts and battles, physical and verbal, wonder where their zeal and ardor may have landed *them*. But if excitement and tensions and arguments and near-cataleptic states have saving grace, these earnest men and women are seated very near the Throne.

Did vast forests, wide stretches of hills and plains, long periods of solitudes in travel and in clearing the land afford periods for thoughts and questions that no longer plague us? Do cities, crowds, constant intermingling, dim the age-old yearning "Oh, that I might find Him"?

The men with the destiny of the University and Bloomington — the two were inseparably bound — were most earnest seekers; indeed, it must always be remembered that education started with and, for many years, remained in the hands of the clergy, and that clergy, in the main, was that of the Presbyterian Church. Ten of the eleven state colleges west of the Alleghenies were of this denomination. David H. Maxwell was of this faith. Messrs Hall and Harney were Presbyterian preachers. It would be interesting to know how many of the early trustees were also Presbyterian.

Before the young institution was very many years old, there sprang up what almost amounted to a class war between the cruder, more illiterate members of the little community — Baptists, Methodists, Campbellites (earlier called Stoneites, later Disciples), and the educated ones, the Big Bugs, the 'ristycrats, and Presbyterians, the Rats; take your choice. Each denomination splintered until there were six varieties of Presbyterians, four of the Baptists, two of the Disciples. These splinters carried on their own small wars, as well as battling with their larger unit against other larger

ones. Little wonder that President Wylie felt he had better bring an entirely new sect to the scene, and join it, that of the Episcopal Church. This he did. He remained a member of this communion until the time of his death, ten years later. The addition of this faith must have completed a most fascinating panorama.

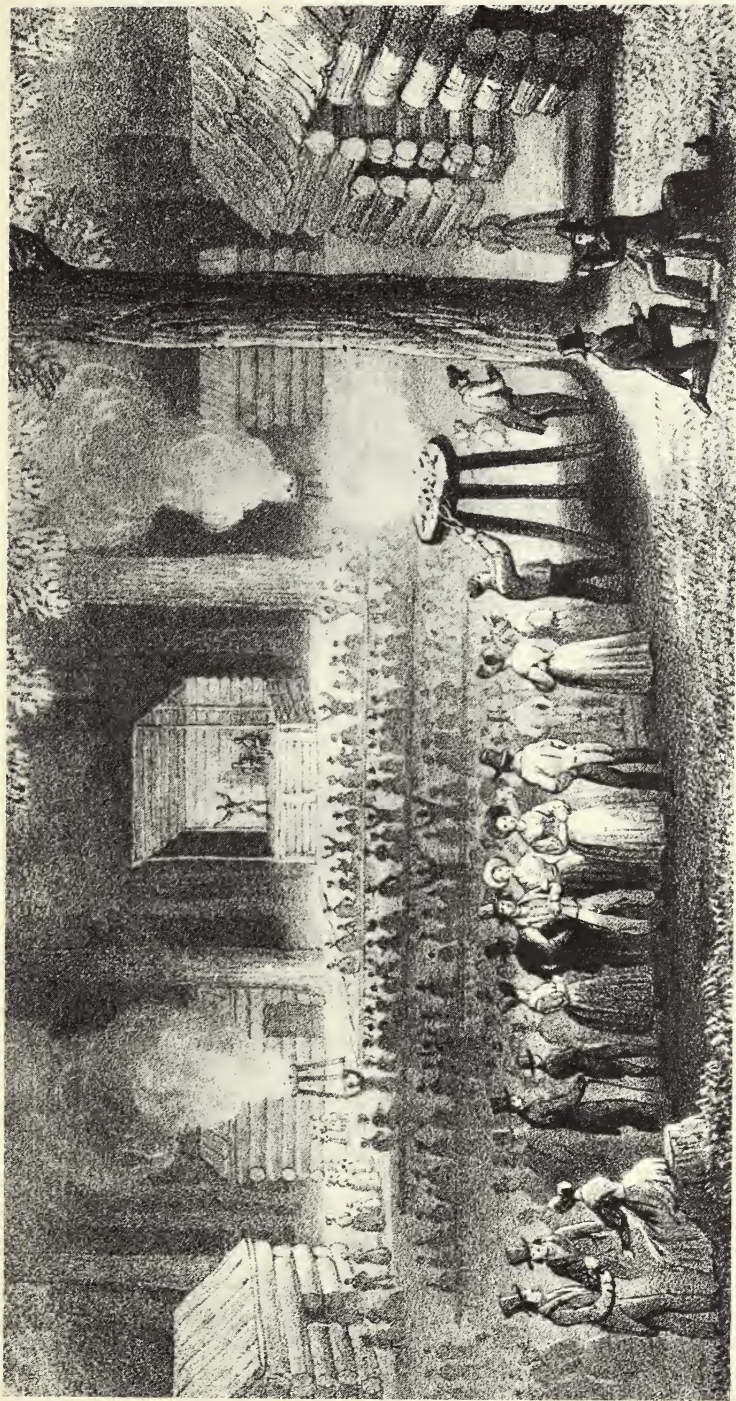
The annual and sometimes semi-annual camp-meetings held eight miles from Bloomington were a great feeder for this sectarian warfare. It is regrettable that these idyllic occasions had bad reactions as well as good. A coming together in a virgin forest of noble old trees, shafts of sunlight piercing the shade by day, gleams of moonbeams by night, fervid singing of simple hymns by two thousand or more voices, prayers and sermons three times daily, opportunities to talk and mingle with friends — old and new — are heartwarming merely to contemplate. The crude tents to house the worshipers, often fashioned of sheets or quilts or tablecloths; the glowing flares at night, the mountains of delicious food of which any and all might partake, thoughts of these produce a strange kind of nostalgia, atavistic, perhaps. Frenzied exhortations, wrestlings with the Spirit, inciting of emotional excesses must have been productive of some harm as well as of a little good, and such an assembly would seemingly illy fit an educational community. It surely drew the lines between the "Rats" and the illiterates still more tightly and sharply, with proportionate bitterness.

There was plenty of time between sermons and prayers to discuss and magnify these differences. The gentlemen probably spent a good many hours standing around whittling and chewing tobacco, discussing how to have bigger and livelier camp meetings, what seed corn was best, the grease that kept harness softest, the best month for butchering. The merits and demerits of the various means of baptism, predestination, damning of infants, all these moot questions must have been thoroughly threshed out; to good purpose, let us hope.

The ladies must have found many opportunities to exchange ideas about cheese-making, about the best time to wean the baby, favorite designs for coverlets, what to do for gaps in chickens. If time was not found by both Brothers and Sisters for excoriating the ways of the Big Bugs, human nature was not then the *ornery* thing it is today.

No better circumstances can be imagined for furthering the purposes of the god Eros among the young people, and many decisions along this line as well as those of a religious nature were made at these times. It has been said, sad to relate, that always there were several hastily planned and executed weddings following a camp meeting. But what doesn't have drawbacks?

These assemblies were a very definite and vital factor in the early days of our state, and even more of our sister states, Kentucky and Ohio, and were one of the chief means of growth of the Baptists, the Disciples, and the Methodists. The Presbyterians, not



METHODIST CAMP MEETING

favoring an emotional or evangelical approach and relying almost wholly on increasing their number by migration or by birth, made very small growth. In 1835 the denomination in Indiana numbered but four thousand; that of the Methodists, twenty-four thousand.

According to Van Wyck Brooks, the following jingle is a sample of camp meeting hymns in our sister state Ohio:

“Come hungry, come thirsty, come ragged, come bare:
Come filthy, come lousy, come just as you are” (air).

The Path

Continues Thorny

ARGUMENTS and bickering, much of it ecclesiastical, continued down through the years. Chances are that each adherent adhered more adherently to his opinions and resolved to do something about it. Very troubled years were those between 1830-60. Loss of proceeds of land endowments, fires, faculty quarrels, sectarian squabbles, suspicions, jealousies do not create a pleasant atmosphere or one in which the growth of knowledge can flourish. In 1853 the graduating class numbered but two.

Two time-honored sayings, "never say anything about anybody if you can't say something good" and "speak softly of the dead" would, if followed to the logical conclusion, make saints of all our fore-runners, and excessively drab, uninteresting history. Fortunately, saints have always been quite rare in this world. God has thought it wise to people it with faulty, selfish, stubborn individuals, who connive and scheme for what they want, who lobby and band together and struggle with other bands to get their way, even going to the length of slaughtering each other by the millions. Very sad this is, but it *does* make exciting reading. Many of these ancients must have been diabolically fascinating, else they could not have massed and led their following. And may not these leaders often have been conscientious and of good intent?

If, in these pages, persons and situations are treated lightly, almost flippantly, it is because it is hoped that idiosyncracies, even weaknesses, may endear and make colorful these long-gone men and women.

Sinful ones there were and always have been, lustful ones, men and women whose flesh was weak, who had their unbridled moments. That some such moments occurred in the lives of those who laid our University's foundation puts blood in their veins, spring in their step, grip to their handclasp, even across these many years. Our gratitude to all of our builders, and none the less to those, who in their struggles, sometimes gave way to the Beast within.

We know that all were essentially good, that when untoward incidents occurred, it was only for a brief moment that spirit was weaker than flesh.

* * *

A kraut barrell works and stinks just so long; then, it spews over. Nauseating? Yes, isn't it?

In 1853 the Methodists really got in a lick. Samuel Bigger, a Presbyterian from Rushville, had said years before that there was not a Methodist in the whole United States with sufficient learning to fill a professor's chair if such were tendered him. Mr. Bigger was later elected governor of the state, but three years after, when he ran for his second term, the Methodists had wakened up. Out he went.

When Dr. Alfred Ryors became president of Indiana University in 1852, the kraut barrell *really* spewed and to such purpose that Dr. Ryors tried to beat a retreat in the middle of the year, but was prevailed upon to finish out his twelve months. In 1853, he went to the presidency of Ohio University. His portraits show him to have been a very handsome man, with the face of a dreamer and a poet. Little wonder that he, even with his rugged background — he was bound out in his boyhood — found Bloomington and its University too tough for him.

If gentlemen and scholars were not able to handle the situation, there seemed nothing left to do but to try one of the camp meeting crowd; and, since the Methodists were in the majority and very articulate, one of that denomination was chosen to succeed Dr. Ryors, the Reverend Mr. William M. Dailey, D.D., a native of Ohio, but having grown up in Indiana. He was an ardent Upholder of the Faith, starting to preach and exhort at the age of fifteen. He was a Democrat and held anti-abolition beliefs; a politician, and — no predestinarian — knew how to twist fate's arm when he wanted some ends furthered, and this he undoubtedly did in 1853 at the time of Dr. Ryor's resignation and his own ascendancy.

He was accused of appropriating to himself and his speeches some of the lore from the books he read; plagiarism is the ugly name for it. In his speeches he loved to employ quavers and trills and tremulos, "bringing on the rousements," it might be called. His eyes and hair were dark, every single one of the latter standing up and out, his mouth and chin set in determined lines. Hints have been thrown out that his allegiance was divided between Indiana University and Indiana Asbury, the Methodist Seminary that later became DePauw University, and that sometimes the former was the loser. Some even went so far as to suggest that Dr. Dailey's purpose in coming to Indiana University was to double-deal in Indiana Asbury's favor. How much of these suspicions came from poor losers among the Presbyterians will never be known.

Dr. Dailey may not have been the perfect president, he may

not have been too well versed in his Latin and Greek, and he may not have been skillful in the balancing of a tea-cup, but he was industrious, tactful and fond of his students, and he kept the floundering ship that was Indiana University afloat through six years of perilous storm, 1853-1859.

More Thorns, Some Scandal-Sharpener

OUR FOURTH president, Dr. John Hiram Lanthrop, 60 years of age, somewhat paralleled the history of Dr. Ryors in 1852: he came; he wished he hadn't; at the end of a year he pulled out to accept a professorship in the young University of Missouri.

Dr. Cyrus Nutt came in 1860, and stayed with us for fifteen years. Of him, Dr. Theophilus A. Wylie, professor of physics and philosophy at our University, 1837-1886, a Presbyterian preacher, and a cousin of our first president, says: "In many traits of character Dr. Nutt was surpassed by none. He was diligent in his work and in his attention to the duties of his office, laboring wholly in the interest of religion and sound education." That a Presbyterian could thus speak of a Methodist preacher shows that lions and lambs were beginning to accept each other.

During President Moss' tenure, 1875-1884, Romance — the backdoor kind — reared her head where and when she shouldn't. This happened so many years ago, we have now become so emancipated — thanks to moviedom — and good stories are so scarce, that we make so bold as to print a story that has, up to now, been but an old wives' tale, and even though the story's heroine was distantly connected with your author's family.

Student D. K. Goss, evidently a very busy and curious young man, worked out a way to find just how Platonic was the friendship between the president and one of his Greek and Latin teachers, whom present day young ones would designate as a Tasty-Dish — gifted, learned, beautiful, red-haired. This way was to go to the room above Dr. Moss' office and drill a hole in the floor, then to glue an eye to the hole. His ingenuity was rewarded by the eye-filling sight — so he reported — of the president and the lady on a single chair. Well, the lady had to sit somewhere, and who, after all, knows whether there was a second chair in the room? Student Goss did not go into that. But he took pains to spread his story, and the president and the lady at once resigned. The feud over the

incident between the Gosses and the lady's family raged for many years.

Dr. Moss was a Kentuckian, a Baptist minister, an editor, a professor with several degrees from Rochester University in New York. He was president of Chicago University preceding the plush days of the Rockefeller sponsorship. In literary attainments, few excelled Dr. Moss, it is said. His was a figure of great pomp and dignity, and there are still those in Bloomington who remember the feeling of awe that the learned man inspired as he strode majestically through Bloomington's streets, his hands clasped behind his back.

Human nature being what it is, his unhappy experience can hardly have been the only scandal to occur in our University's circle. A similar unholy attachment sprang up much later between a dignified, highly respected department head and a professor's wife. The two families concerned promptly got their walking papers. Their names? No. Too recent.

Standing on

Its Own Two Feet

IN POINT of size, Indiana is a small state. It produces sycamores through which candles gleam, James Whitcomb Rileys, Hoosier Schoolmasters, and Hoagy Carmichaels; but it does not have lush grazing lands or very tall corn. While it now ranks fourteenth in industrial development, its start was late and growth was slow. Now, Indiana can keep its children in shoes and hang its doors with metal hinges instead of bacon rinds; its State University can now draw its professors from the four corners of the earth; it can regale its students with music considerable in advance of Mrs. Hall's piano playing, delectable as that must have been. However, in the early years our state was extremely poor and backward in every way. Illiteracy and poverty were the accompaniment of hard, back-breaking work, and no crystal ball could mirror a million dollar auditorium or a president called on to shuttle back and forth across the Atlantic, performing some of the most delicate services for our Government.

Could such a future have been foreseen, it is probably that she might have had the pick of the good men who were electing the teaching profession. Good men she always found, men who each made his contribution in his own way, but outstanding leadership was desperately needed at this early period. Dr. Ryor's one year, Dailey's six, Lathrop's one, Nutt's fifteen, Moss' nine, saw some progress, but the growth was not noteworthy.

In addition to sectarian and faculty dissensions in these early years, which can hardly be too greatly stressed, there were also, to plague the institution, what might be called acts of God — cholera, ague, fires — which beset the school. Yes, truly, our poor, frail, young Alma Mater was fighting desperately for her life.

The cholera epidemic occurred in 1833, striking with great intensity in Evansville, Salem, and Greensburg. The ensuing panic closed the Seminary for several weeks. Two devastating fires, the first in 1854, when what was known as the New College was burned.

With it went the small but valuable library, recitation rooms, and society hall. Another building was immediately erected. In 1883, the useful and somewhat pretentious building erected in 1873 was consumed by fire of a mysterious origin. It was then, in 1884, that the tract of land known as Dunn's Woods was purchased, and three buildings were planned, Owen, Wylie, and Maxwell Halls. To tide over this difficult period, a building was erected on the old site costing \$18,000, and later sold to the town of Bloomington. This building, in somewhat altered form, still serves the town as a high school building.

A very troublesome controversy stretched out over the years, which involved us with Vincennes University. For nearly fifty years, there was a question of whose claim took precedence, Indiana University or Vincennes, concerning grants which involved what was for then a large sum of money. It seemed in 1845 that a judgment against the state university of more than \$30,000 would have to be met, a ruinous sum for the institution at that time. Litigation kept the university uneasy and uncertain for many years, and not until 1855 was this uneasiness allayed. Vincennes, as a matter of fact, continued to press her claims against the State until 1905, when Governor Marshall allowed her claim.

Presidents Jordan, Coulter, Swain ushered in an era of such prosperity and respectability that it scarcely makes good reading. Drama has to have a villain stalking somewhere in the shadows. If this era had one, it was lack of money; but this villain is so universal, so omni-present, that it is not worth mentioning. And there were still, we regret to say, occasional faculty disagreements, to put it mildly. Brainy persons are always opinionated — they could not be brainy without having opinions — so there must always be disagreements. Of some of these in our faculty we have records; probably many of which we do not. To anticipate, Dr. Jordan and one of his professors, Dr. Carl Guenther von Jagemann, could not see eye to eye — fish scales and Greek verbs — but civilization at Indiana University had then long passed the stage when its gentlemen knocked each other into Spanker's Branch, so this difference was settled in a refined manner.

Dr. David Star Jordan, 1885-1891, was born in New York State. He was highly and widely educated, the possessor of many degrees from many institutions, one of them in medicine. It was as a biologist, a naturalist, that he became internationally renowned, and his special emphasis was upon fishes. But let none who hears of his setting his students to counting fish scales or measuring the length of fish fins, turn up his or her nose at one whom he or she in ignorance might regard as narrow and limited in scope. Dr. Jordan, the only president, save one, up to his time, who was not an ordained minister, knew and valued God's world, and sought to know more and better what was in it; and he felt it his duty to widen the purpose of Indiana University's class rooms and teaching

force. To this end, the natural sciences were stressed. An effort was made to have each student pursue the subject best suited to his taste and capacities. Dr. Jordan it was who instituted the "major subject" system. This meant changing the curriculum and enlarging the faculty.

It was at this point that the health of the University took a decided turn for the better. Money came. Students came. Indiana University began rapidly to climb to an honored place among the schools of our nation. The climb was not a continuous one; there were slips backward now and then, but her footing was tolerably sure. Because of Dr. Jordan's foresight, the elective system gained strength. Also, self-government by the students was begun. It was said for the many *thou shalt nots*, there were substituted but two: "*No student shall set fire to a building, or shoot a professor.*"

When he left in 1891 to feed in greener pastures, these being to preside over the very young but very rich Stanford University in California, he took with him many of the able teachers he had gathered around him. Others, discouraged by the shake-up, sought posts elsewhere, but the good old saying about fish remaining in the sea to be caught — very apt in Dr. Jordan's case — is also true of presidents and professors, so the gaps were readily filled.

Dr. Jordan said that he would ask no greater memorial than to have Spanker's Branch renamed Jordan River. This was done, but to some rugged old-timers the more elegant name has always seemed a poor substitute for the ancient, euphonious, and characteristically Hoosier one.

For some reason, a body of water — sea, lake, creek, brook, frog-pond — seems to further the acquiring of knowledge. The great institutions of learning all seem to have an Isis, a Cam, a Neckar, a Cayuga, but probably our founders had no notion of this future need of on-coming poets and philosophers. Which is just as well, for President Madison very definitely specified "Seminary Township, number 8 north, range number one west," water or no water.

Running water, singing its song as it hurries to the sea; clear limpid water, that catches and holds the sun or the moon to its bosom; that in winter reflects delicate tracery of bare trees, that wraps its banks in blankets of soft white, these needs it is well those worthies could not envisage that day in 1820 when they rode over our hills, looking for a spot to educate us.

Dr. Jordan, it seems, was the first one to come alive to the need for water, and Spanker's Branch was the only thing at hand. This was as mean, as devilish a little actor as was around these parts. With every gully-washer, its banks overflowed, filling basements and cellars, and flooding sidewalks when and where mud and water could do the most damage. In summer, when it might have done some good in the world, when sprouts needed wading and swimming holes, then it chose to dry up almost completely. It



"IN ERMINE TOO DEAR FOR AN EARL"
Spanker's Branch (Jordan River)

entered the Campus at the north-east corner, meandered its mischievous way back and forth through the town, leaving it at the town's south-west corner.

This, then, was the portion of Bloomington and the University that Dr. Jordan elected to bear his name. Mr. Spanker, wherever he was, probably did not mind ceding his Branch to Dr. Jordan.

If he can now see this well-groomed, well-disciplined little brook, neatly and adequately cemented and contained, pursuing its orderly way, winking shyly up at the President's Home or Beck Chapel, Mr. Spanker might say; "it just goes to show that Education can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

On Dr. Jordan's going, John Merle Coulter was summoned from Wabash college to direct the institution. He was born in China, the son of Presbyterian missionaries and was avowedly a God-fearing man as well as a profound scholar, a naturalist, and a scientist. His two years' stay was marked by the establishment of University Extension work. Professor Jenks, Ross, Commons, Fetter came and instituted a trend toward the economic and social sciences, even though remaining but for short periods.

Dr. Coulter left us to guide Lake Forest College at a salary of \$6,000 and a house to live in, a pittance now, perhaps, but in that day considered a right tidy sum.

Dr. Joseph Swain, 1893-1902, who followed Dr. Coulter, was Hoosier born and trained, specializing in mathematics and engineering. He was a member of the Friends' Church. He was a quiet, industrious person and both he and Mrs. Swain were dedicated to the task of giving young men and women an understanding of life and the responsibilities of living. Mrs. Swain, this writer remembers, in the autumn of 1896, called on all freshman women. Dr. Swain left Indiana to guide the destiny of Swarthmore University where he remained until his death in 1927.

These three presidents, Jordan, Coulter, and Swain, were all over six feet tall, the last two of heavy build. It was said of them that their audiences had but to look at them to be impressed. Dr. Jordan had a slight, one-sided stoop which rendered him a little less impressive in appearance than the other two mentioned.

Progress, Prosperity

OF WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN, president of the University from 1902 to 1937, and of his worth to it, this pen is too feeble to cope. Sudden, spectacular spurts, forward or backward, might be dealt with, but a slow, steady, even climb such as characterized his thirty-five years' incumbency, has little to arouse imagination or activate a pen.

A question heard on campus recently was: "Who was this man Bryan, anyway?"

And he would have liked it so, for he served his day and generation quietly, unostentatiously, seemingly effortlessly. Callers or visitors upon him in his office during office hours were quite apt to find him seated at his desk, not a paper or pen or clip out of place, with nothing but a book engaging his attention; the true philosopher's attitude toward this work-a-day, fretful world. Gentle, quiet, restrained, a lover of solitude, ivory towers were designed for such as him and his beautiful, studious wife.

Speaking once to this writer, he deplored the fact that his lines had been cast in too pleasant places. "I should have had more contact with publicans and sinners, with those who must tread thorns and briars and stoney roads, those who needed a hand up."

But those who still share the beauty of his thoughts and meditations as evidenced in his writings are grateful to the way of life that made these gems possible.

It is said that when sufficiently prodded, the smallish, gentle-voiced man could emit blasts and roars that no hearer wanted to hear twice. Righteous indignation, it could only have been.

Gentle, kindly, God-fearing, his legacy to the University will endure endlessly.

Both he and Dr. Swain, neither having had children, left substantial sums of money and property to the University at their deaths.

Valuable as were these men of the past, perhaps the time was



NONPAREIL
President Herman B Wells

ripe for a more vigorous approach to a world that was beginning to whirl through space with an increasing speed and ferocity that now bids fair to brush us all off to infinitude. But before the brush-off, it is desirable to learn as much as possible about where and how and who and when and to what end. The senseless tangle of animosities and cross purposes that plague our world, our frenzied desire to help out everywhere, so often with our intentions misinterpreted; the automation of industry, the determination of each individual and each nation to get his or its cut, these are but a few of the ructions that make the dark ages, the inquisitions, the hundred years wars seem like Sunday School picnics.

And with these difficulties constantly increased and accelerated, Dr. Herman B Wells, our University's president, has had to labor for the past twenty-five years, ever since he assumed office in 1937. With what success, take a look at our catalogue. Walk or drive over our campus. Study the work done in the extensions. Try to comprehend the achievements of our medical center. Acquaint yourself of the rank the music school enjoys. All this and countless more must be studied if one is to evaluate the accomplishments of Dr. Wells.

A most unusual combination of characteristics, an ichor cool or warm as the situation demands, has furthered Dr. Well's efforts. An extreme friendliness, peculiar to Hoosiers; a deep interest in and liking for people; an insight into the minds and hearts of individuals; a sincere desire to be helpful, all these aided by a razor-keen mind, these have made him loved as well as successful.

A tribute should be paid to Mrs. Wells, the president's mother. She too has the human, friendly touch that makes individuals universally loved and respected. We will not see their like again.

Number of Students in 1885 when Dr. Jordan came: 202

Number of Students in 1893, when Dr. Swain came: 431

In 1902 when Dr. Bryan became President: 748

In 1937, on Dr. Wells accession: 10,591

In 1960, after 25 years of President Wells' administration: 26,791

Early automobiles required stout and courageous hearts and strong arms to get them going, to crank them, oil them, tighten up a screw here and there, to change their tires, and do all the mysterious things the early cars needed to have done to them. Too complicated, too uncertain, said many. A horse and buggy might be slower, said they, but the method was sure; and anybody had enough sense to learn to buckle on a harness, and to say Gee or Haw, as the case might call for.

Henry Ford and a few other stubborn mechanics — geniuses, maybe — persisted, and the first thing you knew, Neighbor Jones had Taken the Plunge, and Mrs. Jones had, to go with it, a stylish linen duster and a blue chiffon bonnet with wide bow ties, elegance that inspired envy in every feminine breast. The ugly buggy was a little uncertain maybe, but if you could use a screw-driver and an

air-pump, and were not in too big a hurry, the Thing could get you there and bring you back. By and by, a few business firms even began using them for delivery.

Down through the years, as their usage became general, their mechanism improved until there seemed little else to do to them except to give them more horse power and to add to their appearance.

Our University followed much this same pattern. Time came when it was established on a firm basis. Students began coming in larger numbers. The faculty became a harmonious, smooth-working body, at least to outward appearances. This becoming so, legislatures became more openhanded, so that the needs of increased attendance could be met. As the demands arose, more departments could be added. Salaries could be increased so as to more nearly equal those of sister universities. The time came when polish and elegances could be thought of. Our state became more prosperous, its citizens became more and more literate, took on more culture, traveled about, became more ambitious for their children. The cranking, tire-changing period was over. Other labors, other worries there might be, for even with watch-like precision that requires but a finger touch to start and stop, there comes a new and a different responsibility; but the University of Doctors Swain, Bryan, and our own President Wells, has become, to the superficial observer at least, an effortless, smooth-running institution that bespeaks expert planning, efficient guidance. And this despite two World Wars and a Police Action.

Enter, the Ladies

IN 1867 Betty Co-ed came a-knocking at our door. She got one foot inside but was not able to advance much farther. She was permitted to prepare her lessons and sit in class, but she could not recite. Even so, she was the first woman to crack a state university. Missouri came along in 1869 and Michigan State in 1870. Oberlin, in Ohio, had opened her doors to both men and women of all races as well. However, while women were allowed to earn their degrees in Oberlin, they could not participate in commencement exercises. They must prepare their orations, but a professor must read them.

Prior to 1867, quite a rash of female seminaries — Fem Sems, they were sometimes snappily called — had broken out over our state, as was also true of our sister states, Illinois and Ohio. There were fourteen such institutions in Indiana, the first of them in Fort Wayne. Salem and Crawfordsville were early in the field with their seminaries. The curricula of these schools were geared to the less virile minds of the weaker sex; fine arts, painting, music, French, penmanship.

It is interesting to speculate upon when came the urge for the many female seminaries.

Did Mother Indiana — or Ohio or Illinois — as she went about her way spinning and weaving, soap and apple-butter making, diaper washing and meat smoking, garden making and chicken feeding, did she occasionally catch a glimpse in a mirror of a faded, bedraggled creature, the like of which no woman wished her daughter to become? Did Father Indiana look at the careworn, coarsened drudge that his pretty young wife had turned into and wonder if some brighter future might not be devised for his little daughters? Did the rough-haired, linsey-woolsey clad little girl look with envious eyes on the occasional elegant young lady that filtered through from the East, playing the piano, embroidering, writing a fine flourishfull page, now and then embellishing her conversation with French words? Maybe if *she* could go to school, she

could get a husband like Dr. Wylie or Professor Campbell, who wore socks every day and shaved every week. The word was, that over in Ohio at a college named Oberlin, they let the boys and girls go to the same classes. The girls could even graduate with the boys! And of the first four girl graduates, three had married professors and one the president! Education must indeed be a great thing.

Whatever gave the urge, it is greatly to the credit of our hard-working and, for the most part, illiterate fore-bears that they not only valued education for their sons, but set about making provision for their daughters as well.

The first attempt at a school for women in Monroe County was begun about 1831, and was called The Monroe County Female Seminary. Of this we know little. In 1832 Cornelius Pering came to Bloomington and established The Monroe County Female Institute. (How they did love the word "female!") Soon the two merged under the last name. In 1835, Mr. Pering was made principal of the Institute which position he held for thirteen years. In one four year period, four hundred young ladies — *females* — were graduated.

The course consisted of three years of study: primary, junior and senior. In the first two years were given reading, spelling, arithmetic, elemental geography, and history; tuition five and eight dollars, respectively. The senior year added ancient geography, history, philosophy — natural, mental and moral —, chemistry, astronomy, geometry, rhetoric; tuition, ten dollars. For eight dollars extra, a young lady could study French; or, for ten dollars, music with the use of a piano. Painting in crayon and oils was to be had for ten dollars; shorthand, three dollars. A year's study consisted of two sessions of five months each.

One of his pupils, a Mrs. Hingston, a most estimable and well qualified lady, we are told, became his assistant.

In 1835, at Seventh Street and College Avenue, where the Masonic Temple now stands, there was erected a two-story building, thirty by fifty feet, two large halls below, four small rooms above. Single desks were installed, and, we are told, much thought was given to ventilation, which may or may not have had significance.

A most interesting and enlightening letter, written by Mr. Pering to the Folks Back Home in Somerset, England, gives us added respect and interest for the founder of the Female Institute.

This letter, together with one from Mrs. Pering, lay in some desk or drawer or attic in Chard, Somerset, for seventy-six years, when it was taken up, dusted off and returned to a granddaughter of Mr. Pering's in Springville, Indiana, Mrs. Charlotte Pering Short, who presented it to the University.

Mr. Pering was well qualified to formulate and record his impressions of life and manners in the county and University. To

make his letter still more vibrant and charming, he drew and colored with rare artistic skill, several scenes of early Bloomington and the young college on the inner fold of his letter.

His primary interest was always in art, and when opportunity offered, he sought a place where his entire time might be turned to the teaching of art. Louisville, Kentucky afforded this opportunity and in 1847 he established a school there for the teaching of painting. He died in 1881, and his body was returned to Monroe County for burial.

Pathos hardly belongs in these pages, yet in pages that attempt to tell of life, how can it be kept out?

Only the bare outline of the Pering story is preserved, but with a little common sense and understanding, it is easy to cast up a very sad situation, one that we know climaxed in tragedy.

Mr. Pering, just two years from his native England, was a member of the London Literary and Scientific Institute, and had studied at Cambridge and on the Continent. He was a trained teacher with natural ability and of unusual culture and refinement. It is fair to assume that his wife, Susannah Hine Pering, was also gently born and bred. They chose Bloomington as a place to live probably because kinsmen, the Orchards, John and Samuel, lived here and had a thriving business, that of stage-coach and hauling between Louisville, Kentucky and Indianapolis. They also operated an inn, the Orchard House, in Bloomington.

Was life pretty grim for the young woman? Was the tough stuff of the pioneer lacking in her? Was her homesickness overwhelming?

In 1845, after having lived in Bloomington for thirteen years, her body was dredged up from a cistern. A teacher of French in Mr. Pering's school, Miss Charlotte Carmichael, married him the following year. Data is too scant to fill in this story's sad outline, but may a tear be dropped for the unhappy young Englishwoman.

The school in Louisville was continued by a daughter, Miss Cornelia Pering. The writer of this screed, together with Louise Goodbody, was once privileged to be a luncheon guest in Miss Pering's home in Louisville.

We know all too little of these early educators, as is also true of Mr. Pering's successor in Bloomington, Mrs. E. J. McPherson, but all must have been of the Mark Hopkins' type.

Mrs. McPherson was a sister of Dr. Daniel Reed, professor of ancient languages, 1843-1856, for whom a Residence Hall on Jordan Avenue has been named. She assumed charge of the Institute in 1849 and under her wise guidance and with the completion of better railway facilities, substantial growth was made. In 1855, the Institute became self-sustaining, the fees collected providing sufficient compensation for principal and teachers.

Mrs. McPherson must have been a person of fine character, well able to train and direct young women. But no nonsense, if you

PENMANSHIP ACCORDING TO MRS. McPHERSON

please. Her business was to turn out ladies, and she took her work right seriously. Legend has it that her methods were sometimes so sharp that these embryonic ladies were reduced to tears. So sad were these incidents at times that Uncle Tommy Spicer — you don't know Uncle Tommy? What a shame! — Uncle Tommy often comforted by putting a nice red apple in a sad one's overshoe.

The Preparatory Department, or Prep School, or just plain Prep, came into being early in the University's life, the first student having enrolled in 1835, according to Judge Banta.

Little distinction was made between University and "Prep" courses in the minds of students and parents of students. The classes were held in the college building, and everybody felt that, take it either way, you were "going to college". "Prep" students were even initiated into Greek letter organizations. Judge Banta lists the "Prep" students with college undergraduates, irregulars, selected studies, et cetera.

Bloomington High School came into being in the late 1860's or early 1870's. It was the state's first accredited High School, a fact that attests to the light of learning that our University and community early beamed to our state.

And Always, They Create Problems

FOR ALL too long, we have left our Miss Betty standing at the front door, begging to be let in. She made a very knotty problem in the year 1866-67 for our Indiana educators and lawmakers. Females insistently and in increasingly larger numbers demanded Higher Education, when there was scarcely enough money to educate the state's males in proper style. And, again, too much good money was being syphoned off to female seminaries. Would it be possible to admit some of these enterprising girls to the classes for men? Isaac Jenkinson, one of Indiana University's trustees, came out strongly for the innovation. It was bound to have some bad results, he doubtless conceded, but it might not work out *too* bad.

Then came Samuel J. Morrison, also a trustee of the University, and who conducted a female seminary in Salem, with the revolutionary statement that some girls had just as good sets of brains as boys and wouldn't it settle this Female Problem economically and fairly if the University would admit women? He had a daughter, he probably said, who wanted to come, and he would wager she could hold her own, intellectually, with any of the young males. The story of the first four female graduates of Oberlin who married the three professors and the president, coupled with the fact that Sarah — *Sarah*, mind you, always ending in an *aitch* and never called Sadie or Sallie — Sarah was thirty-four years old and without matrimonial prospects — these facts may have inspired him to the eloquence that won over four of the seven trustees.

Miss Sarah entered the University at the beginning of the next school year, 1868, as a Junior, having previously graduated from Mt. Holyoke in Massachusetts. Soon after, twelve young women enrolled in the freshman class. Miss Sarah's pictures show her to have had a fine, strong face with rather bold features, a face that showed intelligence and breeding. Her dress, of a tailored style, was nevertheless adorned with tabs and buttons and pipings, her hat (or bonnet) even sporting streamers and bows. She won her

degree in 1869, an honor to her class and sex. Her life was spent in intellectual and religious pursuits, and was lived to its end, in 1886, as *Miss Sarah*. Among her notable services to the cause of education, was a period as teacher-pupil in Vassar, principal of Glendale College in Cincinnati, teacher of languages in Western Seminary at Oxford, Ohio. At sixty-five years of age, she took up the study of Hebrew at Chicago University with Dr. Harper, becoming so proficient in the language that she conducted tests. She was a gifted poet and a devoutly religious woman.

Indiana University has kept alive her name by naming one of its residence halls in her honor.

In 1871, seven women were in the graduating class, Louise Wylie, Laura Turner, Chrissie McCord, Lizzie Harbison, Sue Hamilton, Ella Fellows, and Helen Alford. The pictures of these women's faces provide interesting study. Three of them found mates in their class, Lizzie Harbison, Laura Turner, and Louise Wylie. The latter married Hermann Boisen who taught in the University.

Thirty-seven years after, in 1908, Effa Funk Muhse was accorded her Doctor of Philosophy degree, the first woman recipient of this degree from our institution.

Of physical comforts and conveniences provided for the young women students, we know little, but we can safely assume that they equaled the three nails provided at brewer Matthew Vassar's school at Poughkeepsie: one on which to hang the young woman's Sunday dress, one for her school dress and the third nail for her nightgown. Recently, in this year of our Lord, 1961, a young co-ed mentioned — quite casually — that she had eighteen skirts and twenty-five sweaters. Pro or Retro-gression?

In the hundred years of the University's service to women there has been, perhaps, no outstanding recognition accorded to its alumnae, but unnumbered ones have gained honor and distinction as writers, teachers, medical doctors, business women, and best of all, mere wives and mothers who have filled and are filling their places in their communities as social and civic leaders and as upholders of religion.

You did pretty well for the State University, Isaac Jenkinson, and Samuel I. and Sarah P. Morrison, when you sold it a bill of goods in 1857.

Traditions Are Seeded

A VERY WISE and clever woman once was heard to say: "What this campus needs is *traditions*."

This wise, clever woman, long since gone, was Louise Goodbody, who came to Indiana University from Leland Stanford in 1891, and who herself to all who knew her, is one of our University's finest traditions. Her little figure, her smiling face—framed in light wisps of fair hair, never straight, never curly—her wide, alert gray eyes, her friendly manner, made her a person known and loved by all in her generation. A scholarship, which she established, obligates students even to this day.

One of a large family, her parents English, she knew penury and privation. Her early hardships, coupled with her innate sensitivity, enabled her to know and understand all classes of students who came on our campus. She was Dr. Bryan's secretary for many years. For many years, she was Dean of Women, and the University never had a better one. She was eminently qualified to know what was lacking in the life of the campus, and she, together with those who are wise, and those who have lived a long time, came to know that nothing endears and sanctifies, whether persons or places, as do memories, traditions, legends.

When Louise came on the campus about all we had in the way of traditions was our Sun Dial, Graveyard, and home of our first president.

True, the burning of Horace was an important event, and the rushing of desirables by the fraternities and sororities was another exciting incident. The Board Walk was becoming an institution. Of these, only the Graveyard, the Sun Dial, and President Wylie's home remain.

The oldest remaining link with earliest beginnings, is the home of Indiana's first president, Dr. Andrew Wylie. This house stands at the corner of Lincoln and Second Streets, within a short distance of the Old College Campus, now Bloomington High School. It was

built in 1835, and is one of the best preserved of our state's early homes.

It is of brick and stone, a substantial box-like house without an extra gable or angle, the type of house frequently seen in Dr. Wylie's native Pennsylvania. The one concession to ornamentation is its Widow's Walk. Its hooded doorway was built by the house's last residents, Dr. and Mrs. Amos Shartle Hershey. The ell to the east of the house provided extra kitchen and bedroom space. The lock on the front door is of wrought iron; its key is six inches long and weighs six ounces.

The inside wood is of oak and cherry. The brick for the house was made from earth excavated from the cellar, much of it hauled to the kiln in a wagon owned by Dr. Wylie. An expense account believed to have been kept by Dr. Wylie, who was a very careful book-keeper, for the building of the house, shows it to have cost \$2,448.67.

Discipline for women when Dean Goodbody took over the direction of social and moral problems — and helped us to a few traditions — was a relatively simple matter — the university being small and public opinion so potent that only the very weak or the very dare-devil broke ranks.

To make things even easier, there had been two years of very rigid grooming under Mary Bidwell Breed, an easterner, a very learned woman with several advanced degrees, and undoubtedly a person of intrepidity since she was willing to undertake the task of culturing and refining Indiana University women.

She was large and blond, and in her two years' incumbency, she and Professor Brooks, head of the Fine Arts Department, also an easterner and small and dark, formed an attachment for each other. Old timers remember that Professor Brooks' colored housekeeper accompanied the professor and dean as chaperone when the two went for occasional buggy rides. Could the proprieties ask more?

Indeed, it was the good dean who added the word chaperone to our vocabulary, a word and an institution most heartily disliked.

Some years after Miss Goodbody's tenure, one of our deans, for some reason or other — a good one, we are sure — so zealously favored the wearing of bloomers that a decree went forth requiring all women to provide for themselves and to wear these dainties. This edict so tickled the Phi Delt funny bone that they made and stretched on the Pi Phi lawn on East Third Street an enormous pair of red calico garments. (We hope we have given credit to the correct Greek letters).

The last laugh was the dean's however; for inclement, very inclement, weather set in at the time the young gentlemen were ordered preëemptorily and *toute suite* to get those things down!

Clearly, our campus women were not yet ready for a two advanced brand of culture. A homely, practical, common-sense, down-to-earth goodness was called for; simple sounding but not simple



IN QUILTED SATIN
Louise Goodbody

in the doing. Was it to Dr. Bryan that the idea occurred of thrusting Louise Goodbody, his secretary, into the breach?

She closed it most amazingly, most satisfactorily, holding steady for many years until death took her. One more child whose service to her university is immeasurable.

Dean Agnes Wells, who followed Dean Goodbody, is still remembered by many as one who did her utmost to bring up our co-eds to be sober, circumspect young women. She must have experienced some difficulties with the mischievous god Eros, as what dean of women doesn't? As early as 1924 she decreed that "anyone who marries secretly during the school year will be automatically dropped from the university."

Dear to hearts yet beating — not too many, maybe — is the memory of the old Gymnasium, east of Owen Hall. This wooden structure — large for its time — doubled for many years as an auditorium, and here many notable lectures and concerts were heard. Here were held convocations and Chapel Exercises twice each week, using outstanding persons of the town and state as speakers. For three years, your scribe earned her tuition, five dollars for each of the fall, winter and spring terms, playing the hymns for these services, Mr. Griffith leading the singing.

In this building, in 1898, Theodore Thomas led his great orchestra brought here from Chicago, the outstanding musical event up to that time. The audience was a record breaker, estimated to be three thousand persons, as this writer remembers it. This figure has been challenged by no less a challenger than President Wells who was not born yet. Consulting with Wayne and Gertrude Hansen, two ninety-niners, my figure, three thousand, is backed up unequivocally. We don't just remember how the old Gymnasium contained us all, but we well remember how remarkably resourceful we were in those days. And as we remember it, the figure was Three Thousand! Commencement exercises, baccalaureate services, lectures, even plays were accommodated here.

About 1903, and for several successive years, the University was favored with the Ben Great Players, and never before or since has the town and gown experienced greater delight. These Shaksperian performances were given in the open air, in the natural amphitheatre fronting Wylie and Kirkwood Halls. About this time, Commencement exercises were held in the woods behind Wylie and Kirkwood Halls, an idyllic experience only to be achieved by a smaller school.

In 1917, Theodore Roosevelt gave an address in this spot.

A not-so-happy incident of these early times lingers in the mind of some. After Mr. Stokowski had led one of his superb concerts, some of our students took him to our Greek restaurant that he might relax and refresh himself, and also to see how cosmopolitan we were.

Comfortably seated, a Bloomington type of jazz smote his aesthetic eardrums. Like a shot, he rose from his seat and majestically strode out of the door, leaving the rooms he left behind filled with sparks and crackles.

Recently Robert Cecil, director-general of the British Information Services, after a visit to the University, in a "thank you" letter says:

"I certainly had not expected in the course of one day to see a book exhibition, including a Gutenberg Bible, and a priceless exhibition of Siamese art, and to hear a piano recital by Rubenstein. I need hardly add that all this gave me a very vivid impression of the cultural life of the university."

Mr. Stokowski, please take notice.



YOUR AUTHOR AS A NINETY-NINER

The Ground

Beneath Our Feet

IS THERE ever a student treading our Halls of Ivy who does not, at one time or another, pause at the Sun Dial, or go into the little Graveyard and try to decipher names and dates on the tombstones? All normal young people — because young, and because to the young death and burial seem an eternity away — take a melancholy pleasure in visiting old graveyards, in hearing old clocks strike the hours, in reciting:

“Oh Moon of my delight, that knows no end.
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again,
How oft at its rising, shall it look,
To this same garden, after me, in vain!”

As we age, as we more nearly approach the time of the moon's looking in the garden after us in vain, we don't feel quite such a pleasant interest in gravestones and timepieces and mysterious moonlight.

Our little Graveyard is not ours at all; it belongs to the Dunn family and their descendants.

One Samuel Dunn, born in Ireland, came to Bloomington in 1822 and built a fine, twelve room house on a hundred and sixty acre tract of land north-east of Bloomington.

Twenty acres of this was bought by the University in 1883 from Moses Dunn, a grandson of Samuel, as it was deemed desirable by the University's trustees to move the University away from the railroad. This tract was added to, at different periods, until now there is a campus of a thousand acres, much of it beautifully wooded and well-landscaped and terraced, a magnificent setting for the University's two hundred plus buildings.

George Dunn, son of Samuel, became the farm's owner after Samuel's death, and it was he who fixed the boundaries of the family burying-ground, deeding it to the descendants of Samuel

and his wife Elizabeth, nee Grundy. The terms of the will make it impossible to ever condemn or seize the plot for public property.

But one person who is not a direct descendant of the Dunn family or related to the family by marriage is buried in the little Yard, the sister of a man who married into the family and who had no relatives save this brother.

Ellenor Dunn, the mother of Samuel, the original owner, was one of three sisters, born in England. These good ladies, Ellenor, Jennet and Agness Brewster, settled in Virginia, and, during our War for Independence, became, although British born, zealous patriots, making garments and cooking food for the American soldiers. They even melted their pewter plates to make into bullets. Can women-folk give greater proof of zeal?

After the war, the sisters came west, stopping for a time in Kentucky, then coming north into Indiana. The bodies of these three patriots lie in the Graveyard, and on its cornerstone are carved their names.

In 1930, occurred the interment of a Samuel Grundy Dunn, and as the little funeral procession made its way to the historic God's acre, a noisy football game in progress in the nearby field, fell into respectful silence. In 1954, the body of Eugene Binkley, whose mother was of the Dunn family, was laid to rest here. There are still a few Bloomington descendants of the Dunn family who are eligible to burial here, among them Mrs. Mabel Dunn Nichols and Mr. Fred A. Seward.

Moses Dunn, who sold the University its first twenty acres of land, conceived a violent grudge against the University and all its works. The cause is buried in the dust of antiquity. He was unable to bear the sight of even the town of Bloomington, and on his comings and goings from his home in Bedford through our town, he always carefully pulled down the blinds of his train window.

The Dunns were quite proud of their connections with the Grundys. The name *Grundy* is anything but pretty, all will agree, but atoning in a measure for the name's ugliness is the fact that an Elizabeth Grundy Dunn was the niece of that Mrs. Grundy known far and wide as the arbiter of fashion and good taste. Felix Grundy, a Tennessean, was her husband, a prominent politician and one-time Attorney General.

"According to Mrs. Grundy," "Mrs. Grundy says thus and so," always settled any moot point of etiquette. One might say she out-Posted Emily.

Don't any purist complain that this is levity, therefore out of place in a graveyard; good manners are in place in any place.

Dear Legacies

ONE OF the nicest of man's contrivances is the sun dial, for it knows only bright, sunny hours. To the drab, cloudy, dull ones, the dial is entirely oblivious.

It is of great antiquity, in case any one is interested, which is highly improbable. But if you are, the sun dial was first mentioned in Isaiah, and it belonged to Ahaz, the king who was given to the collecting of novelties, mainly idols. This was around 700 B. C.

Berosus figured out his dial about 340 B. C., and his plan was followed for many centuries, the astronomers following a most complex and complicated system, called gnomonics, not to be comprehended by common, simple-minded folks.

The Egyptians never used dials, unless their numerous obelisks were employed as gnomons, as some Egyptologists maintain. Time marked by the sun dial is called *apparent* time, as opposed to that of clock time, or *mean* time, which did not come into very extensive use until the eighteenth century.

The Sun Dial on Indiana Campus was the gift of the graduating class of 1868, and was the idea of Professor C. M. Dodd. It first stood on the walk leading from the street to the main building of the Old College, now Bloomington's high school. It was moved to the new campus in 1896, where it now stands between Maxwell Hall and the Student Building, guarded by a stout iron fence.

Learned men are proverbially absent-minded, and the story is told that Dr. Cyrus Nutt, the University's fifth president, was one night seen striking a match at the Dial to see what time it was.

It has probably served purpose in many a campus romance, as a meeting place, an excuse for a walk, as a fosterer of sentiment. It would be most interesting to know how many times it has abetted Cupid.

A very tender love story is known to have had its beginning here, that of Mathilde Zwicker and Otto Paul Klopsch, both of the class of 1896, who first met at the Sun Dial. Did they just happen

there at the same time? Did somebody introduce them properly? Did one or the other of them see one or the other of them coming and boldly accost the other? What were they wearing? The gentleman's dress was no doubt uninteresting, that era not being favored with the picturesque dress of our present day males. Let's say Mathilde wore a skirt and shirt waist, the waist ending at the neck in a high starched collar, the skirt at the heels with plenty of hair-cloth stiffening and bound around its three yards with a *brush* binding, that served to street-sweep for some weeks without wearing out, so tough and durable it was. A sailor hat must have crowned the whole.

They were married in 1896, the year of their graduation and the year the Sun Dial was moved to the new campus.

Of how these two spent their lives, little is known. Otto Paul returned to Indiana University to earn his Master's Degree in German, in 1909. At one time he taught German in Glenville High School in Cleveland, Ohio.

The writer remembers Mathilde as a fellow member of the Girl's Glee Club organized and directed by Milton Griffith in the autumn of 1895. She was short, somewhat plump, face round and framed in an aureole of light, curly hair. Otto Paul was tall, with a handsome, sensitive face. He had musical ability, and was accompanist for a university quartette.

Mathilde died in 1933 and Otto Paul two years later. We can assume that the two had thirty-seven years of idyllic happiness, for in 1937, their son Paul returned to the Campus with the request that he be allowed to scatter their ashes near the Sun Dial, the spot where their life's happiness began. Once a year, in the springtime, he sends a memorial wreath to be placed near the Dial.

At the post of the Dial, stands a small metal marker which reads: "Mathilde Zwicker and Otto Paul Klopsch, Class of 1896. They met at this Sun Dial when classmates. Their ashes rest together here until eternity."

Sun Dials have inspired much beautiful sentiment. We quote that inscribed on the Dial of Oak Hill, the Virginia home of James Monroe:

"Time is too slow for those who Wait,
Too swift for those who Fear,
Too long for those who Grieve,
Too short for those who Rejoice:
But for those who Love,
Time is Eternity."

* * *

The Board Walk may be a Dodo to you, children, but to oldsters it is a Phoenix.

Forest Place was opened up in the late nineties, its first building



CHAMPS ELYSEES
The Board Walk

being the residence of Professor George L. Rinehart, dean of the Law School. This was followed by those of Theodore Loudon, Professors Bergstrom and Mottier, and Alpha Hall, the first residence hall for girls.

All were built on the east side of the street, if the hilly, stoney, narrow, poorly lighted alley could be called a street. The sylvan atmosphere provided by the stately, wide-spreading trees, however, gave it a charm that immediately made it the favorite strolling place of the students.

The great drawback to the full enjoyment of the new addition was the mixture of orange-colored glue and cement, innocuously called Mud, which made it a great dread to the Place's residents and to sentimentally inclined students, and it was to comfort and convenience these that the board walk was coopered up, about five feet wide and clearing the ground by six or seven inches. It ran from Kirkwood Hall to Forest Place. The easy familiarity of present day strollers was not then in vogue, but, even so, there is no case on record of a co-ed ever falling off the walk.

Sauntering along this walk immediately became the favorite means of refreshment to tired thinkers, the Academia to puzzled philosophers, the retreat of the lovelorn. All seasons of the year it played its major part in the lives of the students. It was their cokes, their movies, their television, their automobiles.

A publication, *The Bored Walk*, an attempt at humor, came out in the early nineteen hundreds, but few issues were ever printed. It just wasn't a subject for jest.

Sentiment takes the Old Grad back most often to the time of year when Spring began tying rosy veils around the tree tops, when she began spreading around his feet her carpet of violets and spring beauties.

The Board Walk is no longer an ungainly wooden contrivance. It is now a trim passage-way of stone and cement, a fair *plaisance* beneath trees that have become nobler and larger with the years. It ends on a spot on which are grouped stone seats where weary scholars may meditate and rest as they listen to the musical play of waters from a near-by fountain.

Truly, the Board Walk, like the Phoenix, rises and soars.

Another Loved Relic and a Gentle Memory

"What's that?"

"That's the Well House."

"Where's the well?"

"Under the House."

"How do you get to it?"

"You don't. You drink coke."

That well used to be above ground, and for many years was a very important part of student life, especially in the warm months, for it was the only place on the campus where thirst could be slaked. And colder, more delicious water was nowhere to be found.

A chain pump drew the water to the surface, and a rusty pint cup caught it, your books being placed on top of the pump while you ground up the little buckets with one hand and held the cup with the other. Unless, of course, you had a helper. Did the rust on the cup liquidate the germs? Did germs shun educated atmosphere?

Mr. Theodore F. Rose, a graduate of the class of 1875 — incidentally, his wife Margaret was a granddaughter of our first president — cannot have known too much of this refreshing water, for he was a product of the old campus, and a loyal product he was, too, for, besides serving as the university's trustee from 1902 to 1919, he arranged to take a portion of the old Seminary building to the new when the University was moved to its present site in 1883. He and Dr. Arthur L. Foley worked out a plan for a small structure which should provide a place for some of the limestone arches taken from the old building and also to cover the well. This structure was erected in 1908.

Neither of these gentlemen being architect or artist — Mr. Rose was a manufacturer and lawyer and Dr. Foley a physicist — the result of their planning could hardly be expected to be a miniature Taj Mahal, but it is regrettable that something a little less curious

and bizarre could not have been thought up. That it must take the shape of Mr. Rose's fraternity pin, that of Beta Theta Pi, must naturally have hampered the two designers.

Anyhow, there it is, just as it is, the most perfectly ventilated building in the world, so says Don Herold. And just as it is, it is dear to every student's heart, and not one of us would change a line or a curve or a lump or hump of it. It is *our* Well House to look at, to drink in (weather permitting), to court in, to make fun of, to love.

In 1900, water from it put out a fire that threatened Wylie Hall.

However, it is in a romantic function that the Well House figures most. The cute little structure seems to be a natural for the meeting place of men and maids, and the claim is made that until a kiss is received there, preferably as the clock nearby strikes midnight, a co-ed is *not* a co-ed.

Each autumn, two honorary societies, The Pamarada and The Flame Clubs sponsor a dance called Well House Waltz, at which a replica of the Well House is built in the middle of the floor, through which couples dance, saluting as they go; a glorified, educated variety of Post Office.

"Here linger ghosts of old romance
Amid the calm cathedral of the trees."

The beautiful name Pamarada, as well as the society itself, is the brainchild of Mrs. John Mueller and Misses Evans and Crawford who patterned the name and organization after Pamerista at Indiana Teachers' College.

The working partner of the Well House, the *University Clock*, is in the tower of the Student Building, looking down on the Well House. The funds for the purchase of the clock and its chimes were the gift of the classes of '99, '00, '01, and '02, but they were not purchased or installed until 1906.

"Lord through this hour
Be Thou our guide
So by Thy power
No foot shall slide,"

is the hymn-prayer the chimes play every hour, and most fitting it is for young scholars entering classes or examination rooms.

The author or origin of this little prayer is unknown. It may have a very old and honored author. We all agree it is not very good poetry, but the sentiment is beyond all question, and would that we each prayed it each time we hear the clock chime it!

The chime-tune is popularly known as "the Westminster Chime." It was first used in Big Ben of Westminster Hall in London, in 1860, but its composition took place in 1793 in Cambridge,

England, the work of a musician named Crotch, who drew it from a phrase of Handel's "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth" and installed it in St. Mary's Cathedral in the university town.

The adaptation that we hear each hour employs four bells, four tones.

In the beginning, a line of the verse was played each quarter hour, but this, agreed even the most ardent chime-lovers, was too much. It was then that the quarters were marked by one, two, and three peals, with the hymn being played on the hour.

Their initial ringing was the prank of some sportive students who sneaked up into the tower one evening and rang and rang and rang. An irate citizenry got out the police to stop the noise, but the students, crafty as well as sportive, pulled the ladder up into the tower, leaving the frustrated police cooling its heels. It was about four o'clock in the morning when the sportive ones tired of making nuisances of themselves.

The chimes are in a room of the Student Building, up forty-one steps, the steps slanted at an angle of around ninety degrees, discouraging heavy-footed observers.

They are a thirteen bell carillon, the largest bell weighing 2200 pounds, the smallest 75 pounds, the large bells producing the low tones. The notes are E, F, F sharp, G, G sharp, A, A sharp, B, C, C sharp, D, D sharp, and E. The limited range of thirteen tones occasionally makes a rearrangement of tunes necessary. Levers are built like a key-board, each marked with its own note. From these levers, steel rods are attached and run upward to the clappers. When a lever is pushed downward, it causes a clapper to strike its bell. The levers of the small bells must be pushed with greater force than those of the larger, and musical effects are obtained by the use of varying degree of force.

The chimes were created by the McShane Bell Company of Hartford, Connecticut, at a cost of \$3650, and, at the time of their installation in 1906, were considered one of the finest sets in use. At that time, there were but thirteen such sets in the United States.

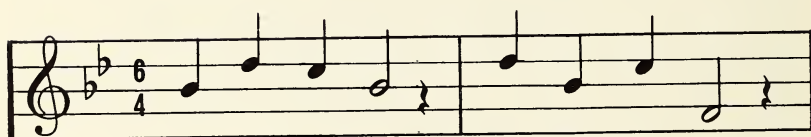
Tunes are played every evening at six o'clock and also at other times on special days and occasions. The striking of the hours, the quarters and halves and also the playing of the hymn prayer on the hour, are all automatic. The clock is a Seth Thomas instrument.

It is conceivable that these beautiful tones are sometimes noisome, that a student sometimes talks back: "Yes, yes, I do occasionally waste a minute or an hour even, but why must you continually rub it in with your infernal clatter!"

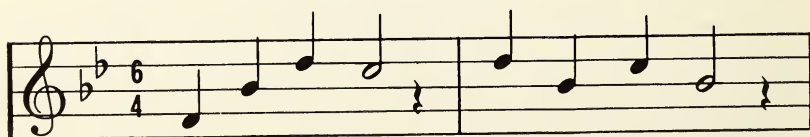
It is only when students visit the campus after an absence of a few years that they can hear gold in the bell's voices — gold that magically takes them back to youth and youth's friendships; to the satisfactions of assignments honestly done; to

gratitude to conscientious teachers; to beauty-filled mornings on the campus; to moonlight walks after library hours. "Golden Days," Sigmund Romberg calls this time.

As our shadows lengthen, Indiana's chimes, awakening memories of scenes and faces now no more, can swell hearts almost to bursting.



Lord thru' this hour, Be Thou our guide,



So by Thy help, No foot shall slide.

Historic Buildings

"Richard Owen, it says. Who was he?"

"Oh, he must have had something to do with Owen Hall."

Indeed he did.

To start at the beginning.

His father, Robert Dale Owen, a Scotsman, was vastly plagued by a pity for the poor and unfortunate. Seeing no way to lift the downtrodden in his native land, he packed up his material belongings (which were considerable) and his family, and came to America to establish a colony in which greed and strife were to be absent. Of this, his colony at New Harmony, Indiana, many interesting treatises have been written, which the reader may read and study to his edification.

It is about his son, Richard, however, that the two young students were inquiring as they stood before the bronze bust on the right-hand side of the foyer of the Union Building.

He was eighteen years old, young questioners, when he came with his family from Scotland to New Harmony. His education had been acquired in his homeland and in Switzerland. Upon settling in Indiana, he engaged in farming until called to engage in the Mexican War as a captain in the U. S. Infantry. At the close of the war, he taught science and chemistry at Western Military Academy at Nashville, Tennessee. Seeing that a break between the north and south was inevitable, he gave up his duties in Nashville and returned to Indiana, where he was made assistant state geologist in 1858, and in 1859, state geologist.

From 1863 to 1879, Dr. Owen taught in Indiana University, his subjects being natural philosophy, natural science, chemistry, and, during vacancies in the Modern Language Department, French and German.

Not only was Dr. Owen given recognition by Indiana, his adopted state, but also by Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, New Mexico, Arizona, and Minnesota. He was Purdue Univers-

ity's first president, elected in 1872, but, growing discouraged after waiting two years for an organization to be formulated, decided to remain at Indiana University.

A signal honor was posthumously accorded him in 1912, when, fifty years after his service as Commandant of Camp Morton (Indianapolis), where were confined four thousand Confederate prisoners, a memorial to his memory was proposed by a Confederate veteran who had been one of his prisoners. The few hundred veterans still living gave immediate response in money and testimonials to their warden's kindness and understanding.

The bronze bust in Indiana's State House was cast with these contributions and dedicated in 1913. Twenty years later was made from it the replica now standing in the Union Building. The initial payment was made by the class of 1910, and the class of 1937 completed the obligation. A similar replica was placed in the Union Building of Purdue University.

Said Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, himself a Hoosier: "The spectacle of prisoners of war paying tribute to their captor is one without precedent in history, and one which should be an inspiration to the people of the United States."

It is said that Colonel Owen was censured by his superior officers and by many Indianapolis townsmen for his kindness to his wards in Camp Morton, but this deterred him not one whit, for his entire life was characterized by respect for individuals, and by tolerance toward all those who conscientiously differed with him. A gentle, heroic soul, he deprecated all violence, and sought to alleviate it. And this in spite of a warring heritage left him by a pious, religious mother and a skeptical, atheistic father.

Dr. Owen died in New Harmony in 1890.

Owen Hall is one of the first two permanent buildings erected on the new campus, its stone over the entrance bearing the date of 1884. It is built of brick and stone, of massive construction, resting on solid rock which could easily support a twenty-story building, so it has been said. Its hallway walls are eighteen inches thick, of solid masonry. The building, as seen from the outside, has simple, good lines, impressive in its sturdiness. Inside, the space is not well divided, despite efforts made in 1910 to utilize the interior more advantageously.

At the time of Owen Hall's erection, Wylie Hall — named for the University's first president — and a small wooden structure, called Maxwell Hall, were built. The wooden house has long since gone, and the name "Maxwell" has been given to the picturesque building that was used for many years as a library, but is now used for the Dean's office and the Junior Division.

This building may perhaps be described as of Romanesque architecture. That its original wing was added onto once or twice, may account for the contrasts in style of portions of the building.

Do you wish to see a country schoolhouse? Look at it from the north. Do you wish to see a public building? Imagine a flag flying over it, and view it from the south. If you fancy a mediaeval castle, approach it from the east, and inside, its winding staircases and massive horse-shoe fireplace will help the illusion. However, to an oldster, nothing on the campus more strongly symbolizes his Alma Mater.

A fourth building on the campus, bearing the name of one of the university's honored men, is Kirkwood Hall, as does also the Observatory and one of Bloomington's streets. The plans for Kirkwood Hall were drawn by Father M. H. Bogemann, pastor of St. Charles Boromeo Church in Bloomington.

Dr. Daniel Kirkwood — 1814-1895 — was born in Maryland. His formal education was limited. His early experience as a teacher was gained in high schools and academies, and his first recognition came from his articles published in scientific magazines, inspired by his study of La Place's *Nebular Theory*. Delaware College chose him for its president in 1851, and in 1856 he came to Indiana University as Professor of Mathematics. His contributions to science, through books, magazines, treatises, make a long and imposing list. His connection with the University lasted for thirty years.

Swain Hall and Lindley Hall complete the list of six buildings to bear the names of presidents and teachers of our University, the first mentioned being the gift of our Quaker president and his good wife, Joseph and Frances Swain. It is devoted to Mathematics, Astronomy and Electronics. Lindley Hall provides classrooms for Psychology classes.

Ballantine Hall, lately completed, outdoes all others in size and class-room facilities. Classes in the Humanities occupy the larger part of the building.

On the ground floor of Ballantine Hall stands a large globe, six feet in diameter, one of the finest of its kind in terms of scientific accuracy, technical construction and artistic accuracy. It is one of the sixteen Geo-Physical globes in the United States. A motor causes it to revolve every three minutes. Its color pattern of greens, yellows, browns, and blues gives the appearance of the earth as seen from the air in summer. Hand lettering of the names of countries, major cities, islands, water ways give it beauty and clarity.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Wilson, he of the class of 1920, she of 1922, are the donors.

The Fourth Estate

THE FIRST issue of the INDIANA STUDENT was printed in 1867, a three-column, four-page, 8½ x 12 inch monthly paper, published by the Junior and Senior classes. Its editors were Sol Meredith and Robert Richardson.

Neither as a monthly nor as a semi-monthly did it flourish, nor were the two literary societies, the Athenian and Philomathean, able to nurture it to health, though they tried in the years 1870-71.

In 1882 William Julian Bryan and C. L. Goodwin published it as a monthly, twenty-eight page magazine of articles, essays, and personal items.

(Our revered President, William Lowe Bryan, was christened William Julian, but upon his marriage to Charlotte Lowe, dropped the Julian and substituted that of Lowe, the family name of the lady he was marrying.)

The Indiana University Lecture Association in 1885-86 had a go at it, but, before the year closed, was glad to turn it over to the University librarian as a semi-monthly. In 1896 it became a semi-weekly, with a monthly magazine for good measure. In 1898 it became a daily.

We like to think that the *Daily Student* is one of the oldest and best college dailies in the country. It is now a laboratory for students who wish to study journalism, supervised by the Journalism Department of the University. The Associated Press and a large local staff give complete coverage of campus, community, state, national, and international news. It has guided the pens of many men of note, Paul McNutt, Kent Cooper, Ernie Pyle, Edwin C. Hill, to mention a few. The size of its editorial staff varies from seventy-five persons to two hundred. The print rooms employ a crew of twenty-six full time workmen.

The RED BOOK may look back upon a useful life of fifty-eight years, its *debut* being in 1892-3.

It was then called *The Student Handbook*, published by the

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., edited by Frank O. Beck and Frances Woodward Erwin.

It is a directory of students, faculty, and administration members, and, as is made necessary by the size of the University, it is even more impersonal than a telephone directory.

In the early days, however, in addition to being a directory, it contained hints and rules for classroom and social conduct, called Pointers, such as the following gems:

"Young women shall not drive in single carriages at night."

"Men callers should be received only between two and ten-thirty." (P.M., presumably).

Suggestions to new students contain:

"Don't get homesick."

"Study the bulletin board, but not exclusively."

"Don't forget that an unpaid bill is a loadstone about the neck of your influence."

A glossary of slang instructs the students concerning lab, gym, math, bolt, bluff.

A 1935 edition contains approximately 1,350 names and addresses and is $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size. The 1958 edition holds 9,730 names and addresses and is a booklet of 9 by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A 1961 edition contains 16,028 names and addresses.

It was the remarkable class of 1894 — for all classes are remarkable — that gave to a waiting world the first senior class yearbook.

The *ARBUTUS*, *epigaea repens*, beside whose shrinking modesty a violet seems bold and forward, had recently been discovered growing on the hills about four miles east of Bloomington, and the pale pink, delicately scented blossoms, blooming on coarse, rough-leaved vines, had won every student's heart.

Moreover, it was claimed the plant was quite rare and found in but few of the states of the Union, that there was almost no other spot in this state where it was to be found, and that it was too temperamental to tolerate transplanting. All these claims were later disproved.

Its namesake, *The Arbutus* of 1894, recorded the names and doings of the members of the graduating class of 101 members, including the Law Class. That of sixty-five years later, all told, numbered 2,910.

The Arbutus of 1894 tells us that its board of directors, fourteen in number and one artist, "really began" work four weeks before going to print. The present board works throughout the year, with a staff numbering approximately one hundred and fifty, full and part time.

For sixty years, the Trailing Arbutus, the May-flower of New England, called by John Greenleaf Whittier the Flower of God, has waned on Monroe County's hills, while its namesake has constantly waxed larger and more pretentious. More people, more

civilization cause the publication to grow, but the opposite effect is had on little *epigaea repens*.

Some things are much improved by growth and hybridization. We look with disdain upon a small, outmoded microscope. An old-fashioned cabbage rose we smell and condescendingly say: "How quaint." But the *Arbutus* of 1894 gives a glimpse into times and manners that the coldly impersonal annual of today cannot. To-day's product has gained immeasurably; paradoxically, it may have lost equally so.

Many have been the publications attempted on the campus in the hundred and fifty years of the University's life. By trial and error, the number of survivors has narrowed to five; *The Student*, *The Red Book*, the *Arbutus*, the *Alumni Monthly*, and *Quarterly*. It is hoped that each and every student on campus has a first-hand acquaintance with these five.

Apropos of the *Alumni Monthly*, it is unimportant, but a little amusing to see the confusion arising over the endings of the term *Alumni*. We shudder to think what our early *Alumni* would think of our confusion, those educated forebears of ours whose chief concern was Latin verbs and noun endings.

If our memory does not play us tricks, you, if you are a female, are an *alumna*; if there are several of you, you are *alumnae*. If you are a male, you are an *alumnus*; a group of males are *alumni*. Also if you are a mixed group, you are *alumni*.

The word is of Latin origin, and was first used in 1645. Its early definition was "nursling or pupil of any school or University, et cetera."

Degrees provided an almost insurmountable stumbling block when co-eds first came on the scene. They could not become "bachelors" of arts or science, all logicians agreed. Maids of Philosophy, Laureates of Science, Vestals of Arts, were in turn considered. Nothing satisfactory was arrived at, and usage at last decreed that young women may properly be *bachelors* of art or science, logic or no logic. The first Alumni Club was established in Marietta, Ohio in 1854.

Play Starts in Earnest

NEITHER young states or young schools have much time for refinements or play. But, fortunately, prosperity and leisure usually creep up on them, and natural taste expresses itself.

In our own mid-western colleges, now that Greek and Latin no longer encompass and bog down our students, Athletics, the favorite pursuit of the Greeks of the Olympiad period, can be given proper attention. And no one will contend that time and effort and money are stingily meted out.

Baseball history starts in the seventies, although but scant records of achievements are preserved. The first game with another college was played in 1883, with Wabash as opponent a defeat for Indiana resulting. In 1884 Indiana defeated DePauw twice; however, the following year DePauw was the victor. From 1886 to 1888, a strong Indiana nine was invincible.

The championship of the state was again held by Indiana in 1890, but professionalism was charged, and this stigma, together with other drawbacks, had to be lived down.

Professional baseball began to climb, to the detriment of the college game, and this, added to motion pictures and, later, radio and television, caused the college version to suffer eclipse.

Football was introduced at Indiana in 1886, by Professor Woodford, of the Social Science Department. Its early years were extremely disappointing; little interest, little money, little conception of team work.

But good sports, like good men, can't be kept down! Just look at us now!

The trustees of the university were very slow to recognize the desirability of a gymnasium and its necessary equipment. Professors Gustav Karsten of the German Department, and Earl Barnes, teacher of history in 1889, were instrumental in the establishing of a private, non-profit gymnasium, conducted in the interests of the University, located in a room above the town Post Office. Its

popularity probably goaded the trustees into the building in 1891 of a small gymnasium on the campus, 40 by 60 feet, costing \$1,000. This was later converted into a carpenter shop, serving until 1932. In 1896 a larger building was erected, serving as gymnasium and assembly hall, and called Assembly Hall.

Physical Education for women came not far behind, in 1892, headed by Mrs. George W. Saunderson, the wife of a teacher of rhetoric and oratory. The classes met in the basement of Wylie Hall.

In 1894, Juliette Maxwell, granddaughter of David Hervy Maxwell, assumed the directorship, a position which she filled with distinction for twenty-eight years. The writer recalls the early discussions among townspeople and a few stiffnecked faculty people as to whether public exhibitions of the young physical culturists were decent and in order, since their physical culture antics made the wearing of bloomers a necessity. Again — at the risk of being repetitious — they should just look out any summer day and see us now.

Basketball came to Indiana University through Dr. Charles P. Hutchens, who came from the University of Wisconsin to be Physical Education Director, about the year 1901. Interest in the game developed slowly, but since 1920 it has climbed steadily, not only in the University but throughout the state, and to such an extent that Indiana is now dubbed the Basketball State. Big, little, old and young, race from one town to the next, or, that not being possible, sit transfixed before radio or television when a game is on. Small-town grade and high schools refuse to get worked up about the need for additional classrooms, but move heaven and earth to finance gymnasiums that will accommodate basketball tourneys.

To this generation, there is probably nothing noteworthy in the provisions and staffs of instructors for football, basketball, track, swimming, and various other sports on the campus. To an octogenarian, it seems not only noteworthy, but miraculous. And, maybe, a little ridiculous.

Reaching Back to the Eleventh Century

IT IS A little strange that the Remarkable Class of 1894 did not think of garbing itself in academic cap and gown, but the truth remains that it is to the class of 1896 that this credit is due.

It is to be supposed that there was some opposition to putting everybody in gowns and silly looking caps. How were the sexes to be distinguished? Was it not an unwarranted affectation? How could the poorer members afford the expense?

The faculty members also, for the most part, were cool to the idea. Six years after the first class had so clothed itself, in 1902, they were invited to robe themselves in the classical, flapping black. They politely but firmly declined. Their letter of declination gave no reason why.

Perhaps some of them, even with all their learning, did not know of the interesting origin and great antiquity of the costume. Maybe you yourself don't.

Gowns were first worn in the eleventh century, when extra clothing was needed for protection against chilly, unheated classrooms. So many of the students being clerics, the clerical robe evolved, remaining to this day very much like the original in appearance.

Caps were first used in Roman times by freed slaves as a symbol of their freedom, and the graduates of the middle ages donned them as a sign of their freedom from the bondage of unenlightenment.

The cap and gown were first worn in the United States in colonial times. Until 1796, round caps were worn, at which time they were supplanted by the Oxford—or mortar board—style of cap.

Representatives of governing boards of interested colleges met at Columbia University in 1895 and established regulations or by-laws for suitable academic dress for colleges and universities of the United States. In 1902, the regents of the State of New York gave

a charter to an organization known as the "Inter-collegiate Bureau of Academic Costume" to serve as a source of information and guidance in this field. Their standard costume, with but few minor alterations, continues to be worn to the present day.

In England, each university has its own style, and each college or department has its own variations; Cambridge, for example, having thirty-five styles. Candidates for advanced degrees rate hoods in distinctive colors and styles, and special cuts in gowns.

Like the dress suit, the cap and gown for the candidate for primary degrees is now largely a rental proposition. The early wearers of the costume at Indiana University bought his or her own gown, but rented the cap. The first gowns cost six dollars and could, if you were a lady or a gentleman graduate's sister, be fashioned into an admirable shirt-waist skirt. The Henry Simmons Clothing Store in Bloomington supplied the first class with its robes and caps.

Always Homespun

ONE THING about Hoosiers. They don't put on the lugs. When they wanted to reward the victorious team of the Purdue-Indiana football battles in 1925, they scorned bay or laurel leaves and gold and silver vases. They hunted up an old I-run Bound Bucket.

The idea emanated from the brain of the Indiana Society of Chicago, more particularly that of George Ade, so the story runs. What led these worthies, dining and, probably, wining, in the artificial atmosphere of a banquet room in a Loop Hotel to the rustic subject of Samuel Woodworth's poem—written in the sleepy village of Scituate (c silent), Massachusetts—it is hard to conjecture. Probably it was merely the nostalgia that afflicts a normal Hoosier when so completely out of his native milieu. Anyhow, the idea of finding an Old Oaken Bucket, a Moss Covered Bucket, instantly caught on.

Such a one was found at the Brunner farmstead, in Southern Indiana, between Kent and Hanover.

Not a Hoosier living but would prefer a moss covered bucket to the much sanded, polished, varnished, burnished article that the sanders, polishers, varnishers, and burnishers made of the farm bucket, but Hoosiers are practical, and sleekness seemed necessary. The result is something that would grace any table or mantel or grand piano.

A chain has been added to the bucket, the links I's and P's, depending on which school wins the November football game. It is a sad fact that the greater number to date, 1961, are P links.

In 1930, one of the years the bucket was to stay at Indiana University, it mysteriously disappeared. An all-out search was made, resulting in its being found in West Lafayette. With appropriate guards and ceremonies it was returned to its rightful place.

The rivalry between the two schools, while lively, is usually good-natured; only a few times has it become over-ardent.

Each year before the game between the two schools, a gruesome ceremony, but How Dear To The Heart of every I. U. student, occurs in Bloomington, that of interring, with bands, parade, and elaborate trappings, a scarecrow called Ole Jawn Purdue.

* * *

In the early nineteen hundreds, class scraps became high style. This was previous to our series of world wars. The times were just too peaceful, maybe. Maybe they — the class scraps — bear out that interesting saying that man is a Fighting Animal. There being no big fights, little ones had to suffice.

That man is a fighting animal is an aphorism incontrovertible, but why bouts with Calculus and sessions with Caesar and such ilk should not be soul-satisfying, it is difficult to understand and hard to accept.

Anybody can see that the burning of Horace, implying that he might as well be, since the on-coming class would be unable to cope with him, was an insult too deadly to be borne. And it can be seen that after Horace became practically a dead duck — vulgarly speaking — something else to fight about must be thought up.

Various things were contrived, minor things like hair cutting and dunking in the Jordan River. A little more organization and planning resulted in a flag display by the freshmen and challenged by the sophomores. There followed cane rushes — sixty inch poles pulled this way and that —, class colors nailed to trees, bag and push-ball contests, class meetings that the opposing class must break up, and others equally important, no doubt.

It looks a little childish, in this year of our Lord, when set down on paper, but don't you wish Class Scraps were our chief consideration now instead of bombs and missiles and Berlin corridors?

By 1926 Class Scraps assumed such large and ferocious proportions that President Bryan preëmtorily decreed:

"No more Class Scraps!"

Foregatherings

THAT THE students of Indiana University are a gregarious lot, no one can dispute.

The impetus given by the Henodelphisterian Society — did the name push the gregarious instinct up or down? — this impetus never died out; but, as the years have rolled by, it has snowballed, until now, on the campus, there are all but innumerable organizations, with new ones continually rolling off the lines. You are pretty poor, or pretty peculiar or unsociable if you don't belong to something. If you are good-looking, sociable, have full pockets, you may have a long string of Greek letters, club titles, activities — social, departmental, religious, athletic, journalistic, military — honoraries, recognition groups, a string of memberships that will impress the most learned, the most sophisticated. This will designate you as a B M O C (big man on campus).

Mr. Hall's child, the Henodelphisterian, split in 1830, the majority of its members organizing themselves into the Athenian Society. The following year, the remaining Henodelphisterians gave themselves a slightly shortened name, that of Philomatheans. The split came about through rivalry between the "foreigners" — students from other states — and the "natives"; Indianians, the former as a rule having more money to spend and a little gentler breeding and more gallantry in their association with ladies. It may be assumed that their dress had greater taste and elegance also.

These two early societies inspired in their members much the same loyalty as do the modern Greek letter societies, and, in addition, they served as training ground for public speaking, debating, writing, and parliamentary procedures. The members gave their best endeavor to their essays, their declaiming, their debating, and the value of such training was warmly attested to by those so trained.

Beta Theta Pi was the first Greek letter fraternity on Indiana Campus, founded in 1839 at Miami University, Ohio, and organ-

ized at Indiana in 1845. But it was too weak to survive, expiring after two years.

In 1855, it was revived, but in the meantime, in 1849, Phi Delta Theta was chartered, and for six years was the only fraternity on Campus. This was its Beta Chapter, the first originating at Miami in 1848.

Indiana's third fraternity also had its origin at Miami, that of Sigma Chi, in 1858, a splinter from Delta Kappa Epsilon.

The dates of the establishment of the early fraternities are as follows:

1. Beta Theta Pi, founded at Miami University, 1839; chartered at Indiana, 1845; suspended 1849; revived 1855.
2. Phi Delta Theta, founded at Miami, 1848; chartered at Indiana 1849.
3. Sigma Chi, founded at Miami, 1855; chartered at Indiana 1858.
4. Phi Kappa Psi, founded at Washington and Jefferson 1852; chartered at Indiana 1858.
5. Phi Gamma Delta, founded at Washington and Jefferson 1848; chartered at Indiana 1872.
6. Delta Tau Delta, founded at Bethany College 1860; chartered at Indiana 1860.
7. Sigma Nu, founded at Virginia Military Institute 1869; chartered at Indiana 1892.

The sororities got a much later start, both in the land and on this campus.

The two earliest on this campus were Kappa Alpha Theta, founded at DePauw University, 1870, and Kappa Kappa Gamma, founded at Monmouth, 1872.

Pi Beta Phi had its inception in Monmouth College in 1867, three years prior to the two aforementioned, but was not chartered at Indiana until 1893.

The Greek letter family has now grown until it may boast of thirty-one male members and twenty-one female, but with all their numbers and strength it is a question as to whether present-day Greeks could rise to the lyricism of the brother who attended an early Kappa "Open House," sometime in the gay, golden nineties:

"The taste beguiled by luscious dainties,
The sense intoxicated with the sweetest smiles,
The ear ravished with beautiful music,
One could easily have imagined himself a resident
Of Paradise, rather than a humble mortal
In this land of woe."

The bright green caps, called Pods, mean that their wearers,

called Rhinies, are freshmen and fraternity pledges. They appeared on the campus about 1913.

The Century Literary Society was organized in 1890, for non-fraternity men; its purpose, the promotion of literary and social culture.

The Independent Literary Society for both men and women, founded in 1885, originated in a disagreement between fraternity and non-fraternity members of Athenian, Philomathean, and Hesperian literary societies.

Of the many scholastic clubs, that carrying the highest honor is Phi Beta Kappa, founded in 1776 at William and Mary College. It was the forerunner of the secret societies, but this aspect has been dropped as the academic side has been stressed. Indiana's chapter was chartered in 1896.

Music, swimming, dramatics, journalism, education, chemistry — scarcely an interest or department that does not have its society.

Have You Seen . . .

IT IS AN intrepid soul who will suggest sights for the other fellow to see and enjoy.

The writer once knew a man who, having made his little fortune in the Chicago stockyards, was dragged by his wife to Europe for an airing and a culture hunt. The ocean must have effectually accomplished the first, but the hunt was not so successful. He was very bored and very miserable and wanted to go home. Then he bethought him of slaughterhouses, which he felt Europeans must have. They did, probably still do. From then on, each city visited had great charm and meaning for him.

A lady voyager, once encountered in Funchal in the magic month of April, was cold to Madeira's magnificent biota and exquisite needle work, but was enchanted by a long-handled dustpan that she found there, a kind she had always wanted, she said.

With these two examples in mind, the writer all but stops right here in her intention of trying to point out to any student or visitor some of the notable things to look for on Indiana University's campus. And if the reader has dustpan or abattoir tastes, he had better skip the next few pages.

The ADMINISTRATION BUILDING is a good place to start, for here hang the portraits of President Wells' forbears, administratively speaking. Spend a long time studying the faces of these strong, fine men, who, according to their lights, cherished and nourished the once puny creature that has developed into our buxom, strap-ping Alma Mater. Stop a long time before the portraits of these ten men. Study their faces. Sense their strength. Pay them honor. Thank them.

In this building is the Trustees' Room, where great decisions are made. Also, the building houses the Archives, where are stored these momentous decisions.

In a reception room leading to the President's Office, is a replica of the famed Calendar Stone of the chronological tables of the

ancient Aztecs which the Encyclopedia Britannica says is "surprisingly accurate".

This replica was made by melting seven hundred silver dollars given by American residents of Mexico City to John Watson Foster upon his retirement from the ambassadorship to that country, an appointment made by President Grant.

That Indiana University had trained him well, is attested to by this appointment, by that of one to St. Petersburg by President Hays, and one to Madrid by President Arthur. His public career began as a general in the Civil War, followed by being chosen Secretary of State by President Harrison.

Added interest comes from the fact that in 1855 Mr. Foster earned his bachelor's degree from Indiana University and his master's in 1867. At various times he gave gifts of money and books to our University. He was the grandfather of the late John Foster Dulles, former Secretary of State. His wife was Mary Parke McPherson, daughter of Mrs. E. J., of institute fame.

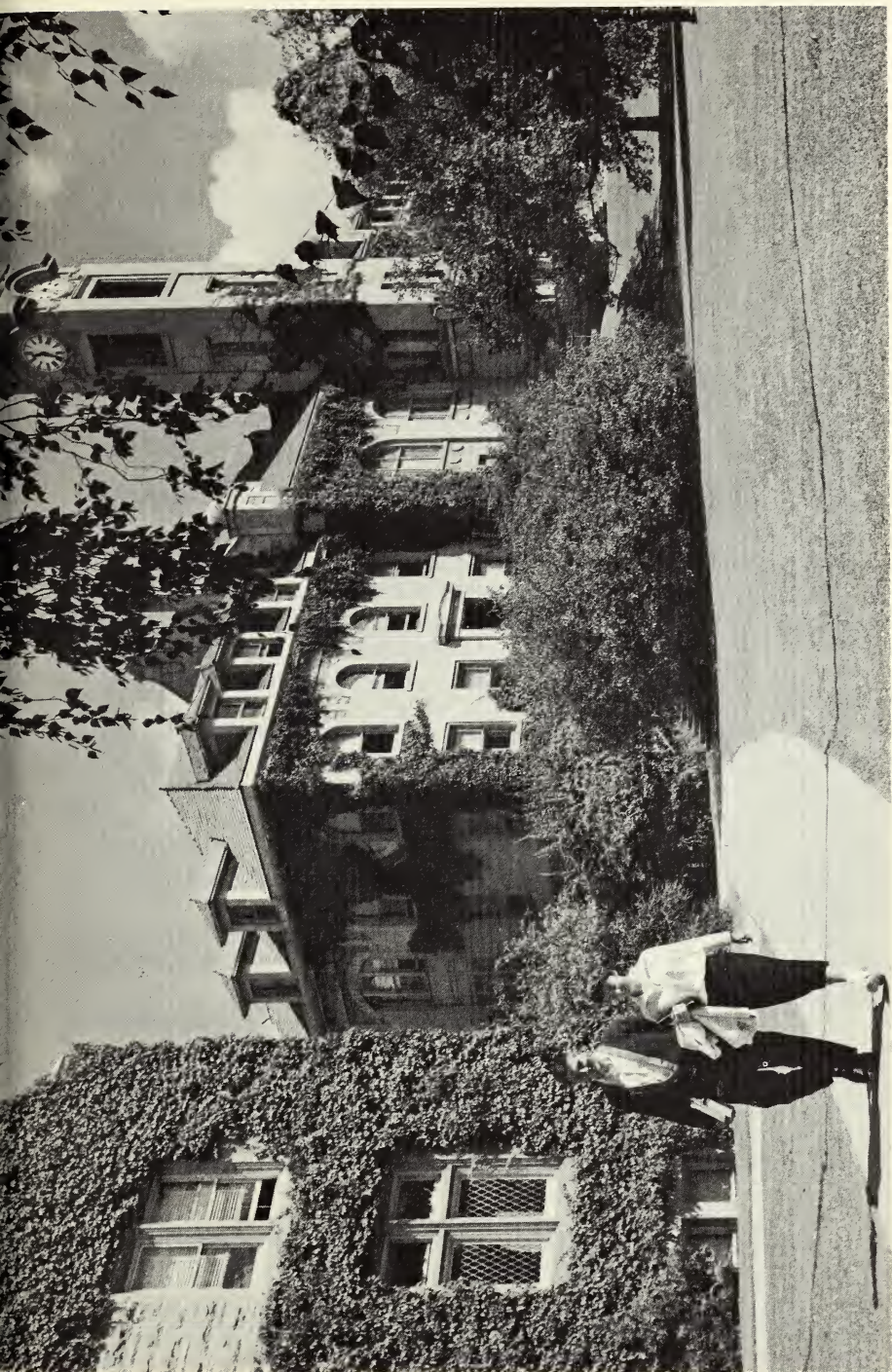
His grandson, John Foster Dulles, came to Indiana University in 1955 to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon and also to receive an honorary degree, a hundred years after his grandfather became a Bachelor of Arts here. After this visit, Mr. Dulles presented to the University rare portraits and papers and relics.

THE STUDENT BUILDING. Mrs. Swain, who had been a student at the University in 1883, and who was now wife of its president, she it was who began saying a good deal in the late nineties about the need for a student center or building, and she and a few others whom she convinced of the righteousness of her cause, at last got the thing off the ground, as the saying goes. One of her advisers was William Rainey Harper of Chicago University.

When completed in 1906, the Student Building was quite the handsomest on the campus, and, all things considered, it still is. It has an elegance and a picturesque quality that makes it a delight to beauty lovers and amateur — and otherwise — photographers. Enhancing its attractive appearance is the sweet sound of evening bells pouring from its tower at the end of the day, for it is in its lovely tower that the chimes and university clock are housed.

Among the students the need for such a place had scarcely been felt, but once the building was erected and equipped in a comfortable and suitable manner, its use and usefulness continued to increase at a surprising rate, so that Mrs. Swain must have thought, even though she did not say, "I told you so!"

It was with the completion of the Student Building that Dancing on the Campus attained respectability. Our Presbyterian ancestors, educationally speaking, bitterly opposed card-playing, theaters, dancing, and in this were ably buttressed by the Methodists and Baptists. When we regard some present-day activities and their concomitants, may we say, in an aside, that we sometimes wonder how wrong they were. The great of this land and



GOLDEN DAYS
Student Building

other lands have always been accorded amusement privileges, as were also Church of England and its offspring, the Episcopal Church in America. But at Indiana University, these pleasures were denied. Dancing there was, in a limited, unobtrusive way, but only in fraternity or sorority halls, unless one wishes to include the barn varieties, which is hardly proper.

If the first dance on campus in the new Student Building provoked criticism, it was very feeble.

The building proved so useful, that a larger, more commodious building was felt to be a necessity, and the first unit of the present Union Building was built and, in 1932, dedicated. The first building was then turned over to the girls, who were glad enough to get it.

Eventually, integration of men and women on the campus occurred and the women were accepted in the new building. Traces of the girls remained in the Student Building in a gymnasium and a swimming pool, constituting physical culture for women. Once more the function of the Student Building is to be altered; this time it is to become a supplement to the adjacent main Library with reading rooms and open shelves of books.

A bronze tablet is in the Assembly Room thus inscribed: "To Frances Morgan Swain, in recognition of her prominent part in the movement for the Student Building, this tablet is dedicated, 1906". A portrait of Mrs. Swain hangs in the Activities end of the Union Building.

THE UNION BUILDING was begun in 1931 and dedicated in 1932. William A. Alexander, class of 1899, was secretary of the memorial fund and through his efforts this fund reached \$1,600,000, which in those days was an imposing figure. Mr. Alexander resigned a post on the staff of Dr. Joseph Swain who had become president of Swarthmore University. He was later made head of Indiana University Library.

The building has been added to and enlarged until now its size and scope and magnificence beggars description, to use a hackneyed term, than which let's see you find a better.

Floors, walls, ceiling, furnishings have been chosen with utmost care and with seemingly utter disregard of expense. The state is sending its children here to be educated, and one phase of education is the implanting of good taste and liking of fine things. To this end, the Union's arbiters have so placed beauty of line and symmetry and textile that young eyes cannot escape it, and cannot but be brought under its spell.

Scattered throughout the building are articles of rare old furniture that have been acquired as gifts, as purchases, from likely and unlikely places. The Tudor Room, the Georgian, the Frangipani, the Federal, provide spacious elegance for dining, for dancing, for banqueting to satisfy the most discriminating and demanding. And when you are dining in the Federal room stop eating long enough

to admire the room's wall covering, a scenic, hand-done job imported from Paris, the gift of a devoted alumni.

In Memorial Room a plaque states that the building is in memory of the University's sons and daughters who served in the wars of the Republic. Tradition forbids this plaque being stepped on.

Sit down for a time in this room and sense its fine lines. Rest your eyes on the quiet elegance of its coloring, refresh your spirit with the restful dignity of its atmosphere. Now! Aren't you grateful to those who conceived the whole, to those whose gifts give it charm and beauty?

Dominating the scene, is the benign face of William Lowe Bryan, the University's tenth president who served the institution for thirty-five years. This portrait is the work of Wayman Adams, and is a gift of friends to the University. A very beautiful portrait of Charlotte Lowe Bryan, executed by Marie Goth, hangs over the fire-place on the first floor of the University Club.

Filtering the light are two old windows, their stained glass set in panels of diamond paned white glass. The subject of one is *The Adoration of the Magi*, made sometime in the fifteenth century. The other, of even earlier origin, about 1290, is *Flight Into Egypt*. These came from the collection of an ancient Austrian estate and were a part of Booth Tarkington's treasures, as was also the quaint, hand-carved desk, once probably a ship captain's, complete with compass markings and secret drawers.

Of *The Flight Into Egypt* glass, Tarkington said — anent the poor little over-burdened ass — “Did you ever see anything so pessimistic? He doesn't think they'll ever make it.” The windows were in the Tarkington home on Meridian Street in Indianapolis. Mr. and Mrs. H. Frederick Wilkie purchased the house and presented the windows to the University.

The Golden Book in this room records the names of those who served in their country's wars, also the names of those who helped provide funds for Memorial Hall, the Stadium and the Union. Each day, a page of the book is turned, that each name may have its due attention. The altar-like base upon which the book rests was once a hand-carved mantel in an old Roman palace. The top and base are modern.

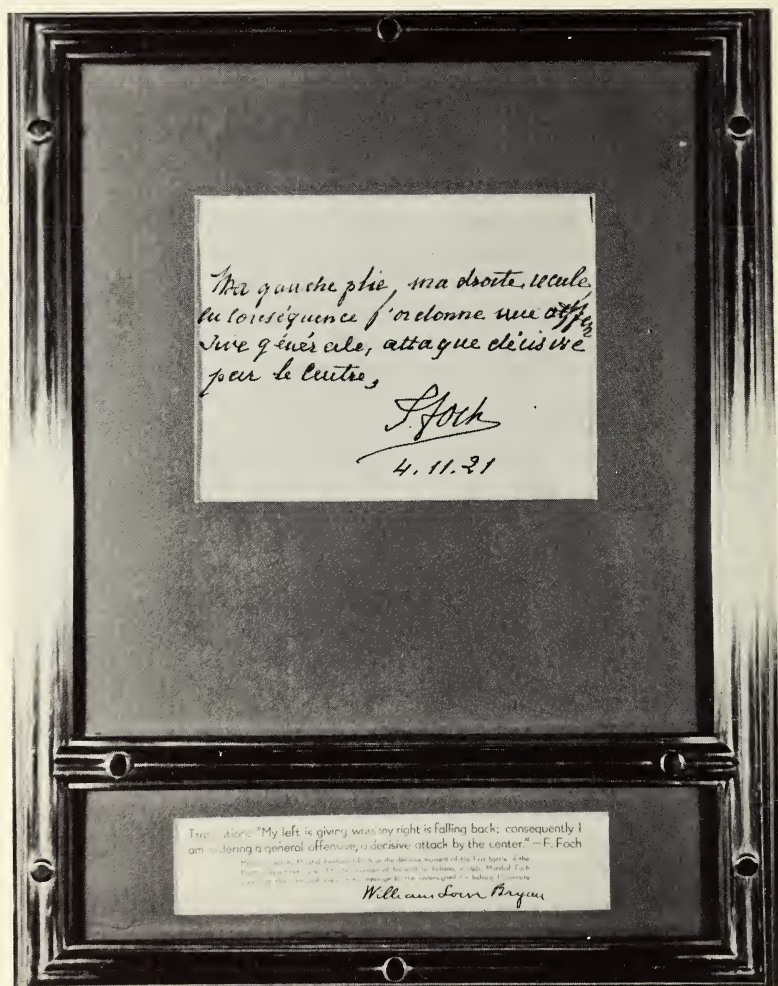
In this room are some rare specimens of furniture and art formerly owned by Booth Tarkington.

One of the prized possessions of the Memorial Room is a copy, autographed by General Foch, of his famed telegram written at the decisive moment of the first battle of the Marne, in September, 1914:

“Ma gauche plie, ma droite recède, en consequence, j'ordonne une offensive générale, attaque decisive par le centré”

(My left is giving way, my right is falling back, consequently I am ordering a decisive attack by the center)

F. Foch



FOCH LETTER

The LILLY LIBRARY, if you are a lover of fine books, you may never get out of.

It was given by J. K. Lilly to the University in 1955. It is a collection of rare editions, manuscripts and letters of authors in this country and in Europe since the time of Chaucer. It is said to be the greatest gift of its kind ever received by any university.

Among its treasures is a Daniel Defoe collection of six hundred books and tracts.

In the Lincoln Room is one of the nation's five largest Lincolniana, numbering eight thousand books and pamphlets, among them the notable collection of Mr. J. B. Oakleaf. In this room is a desk used by Lincoln. A bust of him, done in 1865, by Martin Filmore, is a collector's treasure.

The Robert Ellison collection of four thousand books, pamphlets, maps and manuscripts, the fourth largest on Western American history, is here.

The Library owns a first edition of Samuel Johnson's Dictionary of the English language. Also, pages from the Gutenberg Bible printed in 1483, the oldest of all printed Bibles. A complete New Testament of these pages has been assembled.

On the upper floor of the Main Library is an Anthropology Museum. In addition to the articles usually found in such museums, there is a large collection of casts from the bones of ancient forms of primates. In the Library's lobby is a log hewn from the Constitution Tree. Under this elm, in Corydon, Indiana's first constitution was written.

John Whittenberger, it was, who conceived the idea of the Union, an organization which would consolidate and conciliate the many rival factions on campus, and his name is perpetuated in the John Whittenberger Auditorium. His desire was to get above the petty politics that were then consuming time and effort, and to weld the students into a harmonious body that should work for the interests of the University and its students. He was elected the first president of the Union in 1909, but died in the second year of his incumbency.

More Worth-Whiles

THE Woodburn room, beautifully designed and furnished, is just off the mezzanine floor of the Bookstore, a room for study, for reading, for friendly recreation. Dr. James A. Woodburn, for whom the room was named, was for many years an able and loved teacher of history in the University, as was his father before him. And, as a by-the-way, the house built by the father and lived in by the son, was for many years the home of our University's president, Dr. Herman B Wells. It is now the home of the University's Vice President, Mr. Joseph A. Franklin.

In the Woodburn Room hangs a picture of the class of 1876, of which Dr. Woodburn was a member. A desk stands there where he worked for forty years. A case stands nearby containing his publications. Over the fire place hangs his portrait, painted by T. C. Steele, presented to the University by Mr. Woodburn and their son and daughter, James Jr., and Mrs. Janet Wiking.

Sit down in one of the comfortable chairs. Pick up a magazine. Or just sit and look up in the face of him who was known as the "Grand Old Man of the University".

In 1939, Paul V. McNutt lighted the Fire of Hospitality — a symbol of friendship — in the fireplace of the South Lounge, a fire that has since burned continuously.

Mr. McNutt was a notable alumni of the University. He was governor of the State for two terms, Dean of the Law School of the University, and after that Governor-General of the Phillipines.

The ERNIE PYLE BUILDING, occupied by the department of Journalism, is a tribute to a well-loved newspaper reporter, the Ernie Pyle who entered Indiana University as a student in 1919; who was editor-in-chief of the *Daily Student* in 1923; who was awarded an honorary degree in 1944 when at the height of his fame. That same year he went to the South Pacific, where he was killed soon after by a machine gun ambush.

He perhaps had the temperament that frequently accompanies

genius. As far back as his student days, this quirk evidenced itself in his packing up and leaving the University shortly before graduating, vowing never again to set foot on the campus.

Some years later, however, he *did* return to the University to accept an honorary degree.

Along with other evidences of his welcome, the City Schools and University were closed.

"As we sat on the platform," says President Wells, "Mr. Pyle asked me, 'are the honored expected to make a reply?'"

"I answered, 'we would be glad for you to make any remarks you care to. Many in the audience came today primarily to see and hear any word you have to say. Feel free to speak.'"

"Following the bestowal of the degree, Mr. Pyle walked half-heartedly to the desk, and in a timid tone, said: 'Thank you'.

"Some might have interpreted this as unconcern, even churlishness, at all events, lack of appreciation; but to me, as I watched and studied him," said President Wells; "it was unconquerable timidity."

A great writer. Maybe never a very happy man.

The assembly room of this Hall is dedicated to a martyr, Donald Ring Mellett, born 1891, died 1926, at the hand of an assassin, who had received the sentence of life imprisonment for his slaughter of the man who was doing his bit to clean up, through his newspaper, the bootlegging, gambling, crooked politics and vice in the town of Canton, Ohio.

A simple bronze plaque dedicates this room to Don Mellett's memory.

The AUDITORIUM of Indiana University has been pronounced by famous artists to be one of the country's most impressive theatre buildings.

Its length is 332 feet, its width 160. It contains in excess of three million cubic feet. In style it has been characterized as modern collegiate Gothic; simple, dignified, pleasing in lines. Its site, on the east part of the campus, is a commanding one, where it will eventually dominate the Fine Arts group of buildings.

Its main lounge, foyer, entrances, corridors, are lined with 5,000 square feet of flexible walnut veneer. Its twenty-seven inch wide green carpeting would stretch for two and one-half miles.

It seats 3,788 persons. By using its huge velour curtain, this expanse may be cut to 1,300, a theatre of average size.

In one minute, the orchestra can be lifted from its pit to the level of the audience. Five band-practice rooms are in the basement. There are two connected stages. Old Assembly Hall, which looked pretty big to a Ninety-niner, could be put in its dressing room.

The cost of the building was \$1,245,274.26.

The statuary in the first floor niches of the foyer are the work



AWE-INSPIRING
The Auditorium

of Robert Laurent. Most fittingly, these are *Allegory of Music* and *Allegory of the Drama*.

In this building is housed the Dailey Family Collection of paintings by Hoosier artists, pictures that trace the development of the state's art from the earliest time to the present. For high quality and number this collection is unequalled.

The Auditorium facilities give admirable scope to the competent and notable staff of musicians and actors who are training students in the fundamentals of artistic stage-craft. In addition to the drama and music rendered on the Auditorium's stages, the University sponsors a summer playhouse in Brown County.

Near the Auditorium stand two buildings, one devoted to the work of Audio Visual Education, the other dedicated to the Fine Arts. These, together with the Auditorium and the Lilly Library, constitute an art center of impressive scope. The Fine Arts Building will provide class rooms and studios for the Fine Arts Department, and also galleries for the University's permanent art collection.

This quadrangle, now nearing completion, has been for twenty-five years in the making. In the plaza, formed by the facades of these buildings, is a fountain designed and executed by Robert Laurent, Emeritus Professor of the University.

The central figure, that of the Greek goddess Venus, surrounded by five dolphins, stands about fifteen feet from outstretched arms to tip-toe, and faces west. The bronze figures were cast in Italy under the supervision of Mr. Laurent. Illumination will give the fountain beauty by night as well as day.

Mrs. Ralph W. Showalter, formerly Grace Montgomery of Shelbyville, an alumna of the class of 1915, gave the funds to the University to erect this fountain as a memorial to her late husband.

The department of HOME ECONOMICS is housed in the second and third floors of Wylie Hall. Subjects dealt with are foods, nutrition, textiles, clothing, family relationships.

An interesting feature is the historic costumes on the second floor, the gift of Elizabeth Sage. These date back to 1830.

THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT has international renown in experimental and theoretical research in nuclear beta and gamma ray spectroscopy, and also in reactions of atomic nuclei. Cyclotron and particle analyzers equip it for these investigations.

A STUDENT HEALTH CENTER, having a fully equipped infirmary of one hundred beds, five full-time physicians and a complement of nurses and technicians keeps careful watch over the physical well-being of the students.

In this year of our Lord, 1961, there are students of many faiths treading our halls of ivy. It is a far cry, a very far cry, from the Presbyterian days when compulsory chapel exercises were held at daybreak by candlelight. Compulsory services, even voluntary ones, are no longer considered feasible or even desirable.



LOVEABLE
Beck Chapel

However, a small, exquisitely designed and appointed chapel — the gift of two Alumni, Dr. and Mrs. Frank O. Beck — north of the Union Building thrusts a slender spire through the trees toward heaven and into the sky. Here, for communion, for prayer, for worship, for weddings, for christenings, for seekers after God come Protestants, Jews, Catholics, Muslims, Orthodox, Buddhists. The sacristy houses two bronze vases, two hundred years old. A Torah loaned by Indiana Israeli (Torahs are never given away), and a three centuries' old Koran keep company.

"Throughout the University's long history this is the first building devoted exclusively to the spiritual life of the campus community. From the beginning the University has been deeply conscious of the spiritual values which give meaning to its existence. In this tradition the Chapel was dedicated . . . Halls of science have given us power over the external world. Peace and order and hope have their seat and center in that which is the heart of the Chapel, the grandeur of the individual under God, and the spiritual unity of mankind. Its influence will enrich the soil in which all teaching and fellowship reach their highest value. May it forever symbolize the beautiful garden in which, while the diversities grow, the quest for unity may be achieved . . . It is becoming one of the alumni's strongest ties to their alma mater"

Quotations from President Herman B Wells.

* * *

It is to be hoped that any sightseer making his or her way to the points most sketchily herein treated, will find the many charming, interesting features that are not mentioned.

It is not easy for an old grad to pass up the opportunity to boast a little about her Old Lady, now spreading her skirts in a thousand acre tract of land with overflows in Indianapolis, Jeffersonville, Fort Wayne, Bradford Woods, Summer Theater in Brown County, Showboat on the Ohio, docking at forty-three towns with plays on its first summer; all requiring personnel and equipment running into figures you would probably never believe. So we'll let the magnificent set-up on the Bloomington Campus be enough for your first bite. Proud as we are, the enormity at times so overwhelms us that we, like the Apprentice, sometimes cry out "Sorcerer, Come home!"

Also, it is hoped that abundant time will be found to sense the beauty of the campus, a campus that is a dream of delight whatever the season, be it the pink and gold of springtime, the deep green forestry of summer, the royal purple and crimson of autumn or the sumptuous white and silver dress of winter, "Ermine too dear for an earl . . . ridged inch-deep in pearl."

In 1905, George James Peirce (pronounced *purse*) came from Harvard to Indiana University to teach botany. So far as this writer knows, he was the first one to suggest that our rough, uneven ground held latent beauty. He began setting a tree in this or that

bare space, advising the planting of a clump of shrubs here or there, finding a native sapling to round out an incomplete collection.

Again, it seems fitting to say: "You should see us now, George James Peirce (pronounced *purse*).

Importing Culture

THE University's early desire for first-class entertainment expressed itself in an organization known as The Indiana University Lecture Association. When it first came into being is not known, but the first *Arbutus*, that of 1894, states that it was then under the control of students and that it was incorporated in 1892.

Those were the days of the Chautauqua circuits, and the country's finest talent was available (for a price). No finer attention could a swain pay a lady than to escort her to a "lecture-course entertainment." Beecher, Riley, Nye, Cable, O'Rell, Graves, Joseph Cook, Remenyi are names that still have meaning to many. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, predecessor of the Chicago Orchestra, came from Chicago in 1898 and played a concert in Assembly Hall to a capacity audience, the University's biggest undertaking up to that time.

If, in 1898, one of the best orchestras of the country was a possibility for Bloomington, then nothing was beyond undertaking. Indiana University has always had the best, and when the Monon Railway unloads twenty-one cars of scenery and wardrobe, when an exotic army of actors and singers take over the buildings and the campus, when listeners from all over this state and surrounding states converge to this point, all know that once again Indiana University has demanded and is hosting the nation's Best, The Metropolitan Opera Company.

And we like to think that this incomparable organization means it when it professes great enjoyment of its visits to us, when it says that none of its hosts provide quite the air and setting of restfulness and beauty our hills afford. But we might be somewhat analogous to the girl-in-every-port.

At all events, the great organization comes and behaves most graciously and interestingly and interestedly on and off the stage.

And when it is gone, and throughout the year, it is good to hear snatches from *Aida*, from *La Boheme*, from *Rigoletto* whistled and sung on our streets.

However, most credit for these street tunes belongs to Indiana University's School of Music. Its establishment and development are a tribute to the sagacity and far-sightedness of early seers, who probably had many a bout with die-hards; were there not fine music schools in near-by Indianapolis and Cincinnati, in Chicago and Louisville? Who, seeking a musical career, was going to come to a backward Indiana town when the culture and opportunity of cities lay just over the hill?

"Get the spindle and the distaff ready,
And God will send the flax."

Spindles and distaffs in the guise of fine teachers, wise directors, opportunities to study and hear fine renditions; of unsurpassed buildings and equipment have been made ready, and talented young musicians are coming here to perfect themselves in their art before going forth to fill the earth with sweet sounds. Yes, the flax comes.

The School of Music was organized in 1923, but musical history began in 1893 with the coming to the campus of Milton Griffith, a voice teacher, who organized a Men's and a Girls' Glee Club. L. M. Hiatt came in '99, and in 1900 organized the first band which was soon followed by a Mandolin Club and Orchestra. The students in the entire school then numbered 1016, the band 47.

When Mr. Hiatt left, the band was conducted by three students, one of whom was Russell Harkness, the writer of the words of the song "Indiana, Our Indiana." The tune is an adaptation of *The Viking March*, composed by K. L. King, leader of a Barnum and Bailey circus band. The song was written in 1913.

Mark Hindsley became the band's leader in 1926, it then numbering 125, and under his leadership it attained such proficiency that John Phillip Sousa pronounced it the "best of all marching bands."

"Hail to Old I. U." was a by-product of a college yell.

There may be some who consider the words of a college yell as silly and senseless, and to those unfortunates much pity is due, for they are either so old they can no longer remember, or their white corpuscles have taken over.

Given a fine spring day, grass so green it fairly sings, a band blowing like mad, so much youth about that life seems ageless, and the world is so full of joy that no sensible words have yet been thought up that can express the feeling that is blasting young hearts to bits. So we have Woog-lin, Zickety Boom, Kazoo-Kaza, et cetera.

In 1894, the baseball team and its loyal supporters — those who could afford it — were *en route* to that school up the road a piece via Monon — no smoking, please — to face the foe.

It is easy to envisage the red plush seats turned together, young

gentlemen draped over the backs and seats and arms, seeking an outlet for suppressed enthusiasm.

"What we need is a good rousing yell, something to split the sky!"

In answer to this pressing need, the Educated Brain came through with

"Gloriana, Frangipana, Indiana
Kazoo, Kaza, Kazoo, Kaza
I. U. Hurrah, I. U. Hurrah
Hoopla, Hoopla, State University
Rah, Rah, Rah."

The Brain, both educated and poetic, had great difficulty with the word "Indiana," finding it almost as insurmountable poetically as the impossible "orange." But Ernest Lindley, later the head of the Psychology Department at Indiana University, after that Chancellor of Kansas University, offered "Frangipana" as a solution, a word he had learned in his father's drug store, the name of a new perfume. It wasn't *too* good, all agreed, but it would have to do. That it ended in "i" rather than "a", that it was the name of a variety of jasmine, probably nobody knew, nor was it then or is it now of great consequence. Some savant has come up with the information that it was once the name of an ancient and politically strong Italian family, and that it originally meant "bread-breakers". Later, a Frenchman, Marquis Frangipani, in the time of Louis XIII, invented a method for perfuming gloves, which, when so perfumed, bore the name of Frangipani Gloves.

Later, Joe Giles, class of '94, worked the words into a chorus for the song which he wrote, "Hail to Old I. U." The melody is that of an Old English tune, "Amiciti", its words the ballad, "Annie Lyle", and is used by Cornell University for its song "By Cayuga's Waters".

Later on in the nineties, there drifted into our town from Europe, from Belgium to be exact, a lovely bit of melody, if flight into poesy might be permitted.

It happened this way.

Dr. and Mrs. Edouard Baillot, he, the six-foot head of the French Department, she a tiny, cultivated New Englander, each a possessor of a large, intellectual nose, these two set in motion wheels that brought to us Georgine Bouckhaert.

Miss Bouckhaert, a Belgian, was trained in Brussels, and with such proficiency, no simple, piano-loving Hoosier ears had ever heard. Her beautiful, well-kept, lady hands could not, perhaps, crash a Marche Militaire or a Liszt rhapsody, but delicate, ripply things were played with a pearly perfection never before — or perhaps since — heard in these parts.

The tall, graceful woman lingered for six or seven years, playing for us, teaching our young, setting us good examples in deport-

ment and carriage, always wearing in her ears her little For-get-me-nots that matched her blue eyes.

She spoke good English, learned in her homeland, but always she washed her hairs, she had had her training in the Brussels consairvatory, and when she finally left here to go to Seattle in quest of a more salubious climate, she went by way of *Shecaigo*.

Nice Presents

FINE paintings and fine music are the broideries of life. Or are they the warp and woof? It all depends on whether you are Stephen Foster or Christopher Bean or Rockefeller.

It is a good thing to have spread out before you an assortment of threads for weaving from which you can choose. According to your taste, your ability, you may then fashion the fabric which best suits your pattern.

Indiana University has a magnificent spread of subjects from which to choose, and it is gratifying that so many students elect to learn something of the fine arts in addition to the more practical subjects.

The Auditorium offers this opportunity in abundant measure, be it music, drama, painting, that is desired. Is there a student who has been on Campus for four years who has not grasped an opportunity of hearing the Barnes organ, of listening to opera? Or has any student neglected to see and study the Thomas Hart Benton murals?

In 1942 the great Chicago Auditorium figured it had not used its organ for twenty-five years; therefore, it concluded, it no longer needed an organ. The instrument had been built in 1889 by Hilbourne L. Roosevelt, the greatest organ builder of his generation, at a cost of \$65,000, a sizable sum in that day, and, when dedicated, it was the largest in America.

Dr. William Barnes, an organ architect and recitalist, had no earthly use for the huge organ, but he bought it at auction, anyhow, for a thousand dollars. After it was torn down, its parts were stored in the basement of the First Baptist Church in Evanston.

When Dr. Barnes heard from Robert L. Sanders, then dean of our Music School, of Indiana's splendid new auditorium, he deemed it a fitting home for the magnificent organ, and gave it as a present to the new building. In 1944 its parts were shipped to the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company in Boston who restored and rebuilt it,

requiring two years for the work. Five months were spent in adjusting and tuning, after which the parts finally arrived by truck in Bloomington.

It is somewhat overwhelming to contemplate that the organ's longest pipe is 32 feet, that 109 stops control register and tone, that twenty-five horsepower motors it and that 100 miles of electric wiring was used to install it.

Result: An instrument recognized among musicians as one of the greatest in the world in size and tone, besides having richness of historical background.

Grateful thanks to Messrs Barnes and Sanders.

Since its rebuilding and dedication in 1948, it has been played by some of the world's greatest organists, including E. Power Biggs, Marcel Dupre, Alexander Schreiner, and Fernando Germani.

The Benton Murals, housed in the Auditorium, are an epitome of our State, of its early struggles, both industrially and culturally, of its qualities that gave us our University. If any steps or factors have been overlooked by Artist Benton in the design and execution of his murals, this omission has not yet been pointed out.

Said Richard Lieber of them: "They contain in their appeal the fragrance of the broken soil, the tang of the burned clearing, the sweat of the face, the flight of roaring ambitions, the depth of pain and despair, as well as the exultation of success." Indiana, our Indiana!

The Mound Builders and Indians are our forerunners, say Mr. Benton's pictures. The fur-traders came next. Following the fur-traders and trappers came the Conestoga or covered wagon, and a log cabin then became a necessity.

River travel was convenient, but to make connections, canals had to be dug. Railroads soon were constructed, and, to further bridge distances, telegraphs and telephones must be invented and developed.

Our people, farmers for the most part, came together and compared methods with other farm folk, at county and state fairs, at corn huskings, spelling bees, sheep shearings.

Finally work began to be mechanized through the use of gas, oil, electricity, coal.

Cultural progress kept pace with industry; churches, government buildings, schoolhouses, printing presses, temperance movements, care of the sick and feeble-minded, the ejection of squatters, a larger number of doctors, grange stores, women's clubs, Chautauquas, newspapers and magazines; all these and much more, Mr. Benton shows in his murals.

These pictures may not strike all beholders as having beauty, but regrettable as it is, there is much in the early history of our state that is most unbeautiful. Their beauty lies in the spirit and determination of these achievers, in their following of the vision, in their sacrifices that those who were to come after them might



have better things than they had had. Artist Benton draws his figures of heroic size. He can't draw them too big!

After viewing the last panel, there flits past the mind's eye a small water-color group of pictures on the inside of an old letter written in 1833, which, having twice crossed the Atlantic, has come to rest in Indiana University's Library.

In this letter, the artist-writer says: "I am convinced . . . that it (meaning our country) will one day be the most powerful, the most prosperous and the most happy community of the world."

The entire group of the Pering miniatures is less than four inches square, but they picture artistically and clearly the first buildings of our University, Monroe County's first Court House, and two log cabins of that time. These are the chief pictorial record of the early days of the town and seminary (later becoming the University). On the left-over space of his four inch square, Artist Pering drew and colored the Hudson and Ohio Rivers.

He and Artist Benton might not have agreed too well artistically, yet maybe they would have, for while each came from afar, the one from Missouri, the other from Somerset, the one with his many feet of painting, the other with his scanty inches; one with his fulfillment, the other with his prophecy, both sensed the essential strength of our soil and its people.

Many steps have been taken toward the top of Parnassus, as one will readily see by comparing the artistic products of the two painters. Our State and our University ascend hand in hand

"All that has been is within our veins,
Ours to remember that what remains,
Shall spring from our being,
Whether man or nation."

Daisy Woodward Beck A.B. 1899.

Direct descendant of Col. John L. Ketcham a member of the first Board of Trustees of Indiana University

Official accompanist during her four undergraduate years. During this time she appeared on an official program with James Whitcomb Riley, playing Von Weber's Rondo Perpetuum, after which Mr. Riley, resplendent in dress suit and broad pince nez ribbon, thanked her and, she thinks, kissed her hand

Held offices in the Woman's League, the first all-women's organization on the campus. . . . Organist of Trinity Episcopal and First Presbyterian Churches

1899 married Frank Orman Beck, A.B. 1894 . . . The following two years, Junior and Senior in New England Conservatory in Boston

For twenty-five years identified with women's work in Chicago and Evanston, serving twice on the board of directors of Woman's Club of Evanston, editing its Bulletin, organizing and directing its Glee Club and that of the Club's Auxiliary Glee Club

Ten years a Counselor of the Boy's Branch of the Municipal Court of Chicago

Author of "All The Years Were Grand" depicting folkways and experiences as a Minister's and Professor's wife and of five trips abroad

Included in her organizations is Honorary membership of the National Mark Twain Society

